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Literary Department

THE INVISIBLES IN OUR MIST.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

Fox is another of our "familiar spirits." He is a Sioux Chief. He is not accomplished in all the artifices of our white man's civilization. He will class every order of garments under the general head of "blankets"; calls our houses "wigwams," our women "squaws," our men "chiefs," our street and rail-cars and vessels, whether propelled by wind or steam, he classes as "canoes," our wine or whiskey as "fire-water."

But he is very keen in detecting men and women's motives, and sometimes shocks his interviewers by unmistakable allusions to those little weaknesses which we so carefully keep hidden, those unwet, soiled, untidy chambers of the heart, from which all visitors are carefully excluded.

Fox's knowledge of our language is rather limited. He knows nothing of the intricacies of speech, by means of which we may say a very disagreeable thing without appearing to say it. He is apt to apply the word "fool" to any degree of human imperfection; with him it covers the whole ground; he makes but two distinctions, "little fools," and "big fools." He has a poor opinion of much pertaining to our civilization, and declares that as regards the real enjoyment of existence the Indian is far ahead of the pale-aces.

In the higher and ever-advancing enlightenment of the invisible world our life on earth seems a most imperfect and ill-regulated thing. Imperfect as to the care of our bodies; imperfect that we are creators and imitators of custom and conventionality; imperfect that we are in the dark as to the whole aim and scope of existence; imperfect that our unrealized selfishness and greed, from the craving for gain to the craving for sympathy, is akin to the blind instinct of the beast; and imperfect that we are more or less tainted with beliefs as senseless as those of the heathen when he bows to his stone-idol.

Fox, seeing this folly, cannot always regard it with the patience and philosophy of the higher natures. He declares that a large proportion of people are not fit to live, and ought like blind puppies to have been drowned at birth. He has even made this assertion with regard to the "Spiritualists" themselves on hearing of a certain Spiritualistic assertion, cant and jargon common to a class of people that they set up for champions of this belief, and who imagine themselves the Spiritualistic fontains and head-centres for the world, whereas its real effects, and the new life wrought and to be wrought by it, are emanating from hundreds and thousands of sources the most remote, and even antagonistic to that contracted idea implied in the term—"Modern Spiritualism."

In dealing with its phenomena, Fox remarks, that "people don't keep their heads on," by which he implies that imagination and inclination have much more to do with the actions of many who seek to create a sect out of a science.

He sometimes reads us short, plain and severe lectures on our style of living, especially in wet weather, and declares that no Indian was ever such a fool as to sit in his wigwam without a fire, or to travel all day in mist or rain and take off his wet blankets at night and put them on in the morning undried. "Wet," he says, "no hurt anybody; damp is poison."

Sherman, he declares, was the "great chief" of the war, and I think if Fox could have his own way he would put Sherman where Grant is to-day.

I was once in a fault-finding vein in one of these interviews with Fox as to the certain imperfections of mediums. Said the Indian in substance: "If you want communication with the Spirit World, you must take whatever means you find readiest at hand. If you want to cross a river and can find none other than a dirty canoe, is not that dirty canoe better than none at all? If through a medium's organization you receive a test of the existence of your friends in the Spirit World, what matters it to you if the medium's life does not suit your ideas of propriety?"

STRENGTH VS. POLISH.

Perhaps you may be disposed to remark: "This is not very refined Invisible Society of yours."

If I must choose between originality and mere polish, I shall take originality, especially when combined with keen perception and an honest and noble heart. The world to-day groans under the bond and thrall of "scholarship" and a blind reverence for mere book learning. Much still of what constitutes the learning of a profession is the commitment to memory of a mass of arbitrary rules. The book still takes precedence of the brain, when it is the brain that should out-rank the book. We are commencing to break through this delusion. But still the fingers of many learned men are much whiter than they should be; they stay at home in the centre of the soft silken nest of civilization. The public regard them with blind awe and admiration; mothers pray that their sons be like unto them; meantime the navigator and explorer find new continents; sturdy practicality builds roads and bridges; I have in my own California seen gigantic enterprises planned and carried through by rough, almost unlettered men. The polished and refined scholars would sneer at their ungrammatical speech, but theirs was a mental force which knew when and where, and how to put armies of men at work and to supervise those laborers.

When I see a road engineered over the once inaccessible cold, bare, rocky peaks of the Sierras, along dizzy precipices, overlooking foaming, boiling, tumbling mountain rivers, spanning deep gorges and ravines, it is to me a track of intellectual power. I will not carp at this power even if it be a little rough. I had rather see mind grappling with the mountains than toiling at Greek and Hebrew. You will bear in mind that the powers which rule and have ruled the world, did not all graduate at Oxford, Cambridge or Yale. In great emergencies it is often the axe that is wielded than the smoothing plane.

Mere scholarship is apt to weave for itself a warm and comfortable nest out of books. There it becomes soft and effeminate. It does not go out in the world; it remains comparatively ignorant of men; it sneers and yet depends on the rough practical world for protection and occupation. It is a dependant and helpless thing. It cuts for itself no new track through the wilderness of humanity. It begs for position and professorship. It comes to the very men over whom it arrogates superiority, and asks of them bread and shelter. I admire natures that face, not flee the storm.

In Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, when an Arab charge was threatened, the word was passed, "Asses and savans to the centre of the square for protection."

It was proper that the *savan* should there keep himself out of danger. He was for another purpose. Only the propensity is even to-day too general for the "asses and savans" while huddling together in the centre for protection to sneer at the men who are forcing a passage into those territories which they afterwards will more minutely explore. I disparage not refinement, erudition, polish, learning. It is the adornment of the temple. It is to be commended and encouraged. But if you care ornamentation too deeply on the staff it will break. I want a strong heavy sword. I will not wear it away by over scouring. There is more glory in a thunderbolt than in the fizz of the artificial sky-rocket. It was the sturdy, rough and vigorous Luther that shook Rome; Columbus pushed his way over the unknown ocean; scholars followed in his wake; Bonaparte made use of learning in court and council, but he was its Director. I admire and so I believe you do also the Barbarian chieftain who leads and makes himself obeyed by his savage followers from Alaric to Tecumseh more than I do the learned man who chronicles his history. The ruling power in the world, in the past, to-day, in the future, on earth, away from earth is intellectual force. It is not all a creature of the library. The strongest oaks are not hot-house plants. Nature will have her own conditions in growing strong men, and when like the cedar in the high rocky cliff, they come forth in unlooked for places as did the Man of Nazareth, we say "how strange!"

OF WHAT USE?

Allowing all this matter of communication with invisible intelligences to be true, of what practical use, benefit and good is it to mankind?

In these latter days, men who dare and care to think have become quite numerous. In the past, when in spite of themselves they were carried out of the pale of orthodox belief, they received nothing in exchange save the prospect of future annihilation and oblivion of self. They were most unfortunate. There is now something for such to rest upon.

And also to thousands a word, a message, a simple test of the identity and existence of their friends passed away, received through some medium, has done more to eradicate the almost inborn belief of a burning hell, personal Devil, and an avenging God than all the reasonings of the acutest skeptic. The world has been cured with these monkish legends, and have gloomed millions of youthful minds. Parents taught hell, teachers taught hell, preachers taught hell. It was burned and seared into young and vivid imaginations. To steal a pin or play on Sunday was to run the risk of eternal hell fire. And by reason of this very belief, thousands and tens of thousands as they grew up rushed into the extreme of dissipation and indulgence. They said, "Let us live while the day lasts. Christians according to the rule laid down by these men of God we cannot be. Perhaps in old age we'll repent. Then the season of youthful enjoyment will be passed. We will cheat God's service of our youth and manhood and impose on him old bones, bleary eyes, shaking knees, and grey hair." I accuse the old orthodoxy of being a fruitful source of every manner of dissipation. Invisible revelation is now the hope of the world.

Said a lady to me a few days since, one in her youth brought up in the very focus of New England calvinism: "The first evidence I received of the possibility of invisible intercourse lifted as it seemed to me a weight of a million of tons off my soul. I had been crushed with gloom and dread from earliest consciousness." So it is with thousands. Is not this of use to mankind? This is but a motley of what is to come.

A COWARDLY PARTY.

There are thousands to-day, men and women of the world, and men and women also of the church, fearful of owning to the least shade of this belief, to whom it is actually a source of comfort. In their inmost hearts they believe there is "something in it." They know that where there is so much smoke there must be some flame. They would be at heart sorry to see it proved a delusion or a humbug. Pray or scoff against it as much as they may, it is in their heart of hearts refreshing to know that somebody contradicts this awful hell and hateful devil with so much confidence and persistence. They don't want to be burned.

Yet, for those openly avowing this belief they have ever ready the word of scorn.

"He's a Spiritualist; he's one of those Free

Love fellows." That's a part of the style. It is common with men who in private make very little pretension to virtue themselves, but are very seditious as to their sisters, although they may not carry out their ideal of purity as to somebody else's sister. These are very glad there is indeed no hell, no devil, and that existence is still prolonged after death. They don't want to be burned, although they almost think they deserve burning. In their heart of hearts they clutch eagerly at the information we give them, and then, that they may not lose their places in the ranks of supposed popularity add their voices to the general jest and jeer against the "Spiritualist."

Within the last fifteen years a great influence of unbelief in the old dogmas, and a great, thought vague, yet deep hope as to the perpetuity of existence has by degrees settled in the minds of millions. It is becoming stronger and stronger. It is general. Like the air it is common to church, street and bar-room. It is due in far greater measure than men now realize to the displaced and rejected corner stone of Invisible Communication. Many a popular author is himself insensible of the tinge and tendency it has given his written thought. Mankind have always longed and hungered for tangible knowledge of the future state. To-day it comes in a hundred varying shapes and from a thousand sources.

Proof after proof at last impress the thoughtful. They are glad. But we couldn't come out openly and declare ourself a believer, you know. People would laugh; call us "Spiritualists;" 'twould injure our business. Well, stay where you are intends. When a shadow is terrible, the terror is just as great as though it were a reality. You are quite excusable, especially if it touches bread and butter, and you will not be burned forever.

MAGNETIC CONTROL.

Has the Operator Perfect Control of the Magnetic Subject? or are Persons in a Somnambulic Condition Subject to the Will of any Person?

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

There is scarcely a communication, a lecture, or an answer to questions upon this subject, whether given by writers, mediums, or spirits, that does not illustrate the false teachings which have been inflicted upon the world by Mesmer and his followers. There is not a day passes that we do not see something like the following assertions in some paper, book, journal or publication, viz:

"I investigated mesmerism for thirty years, and had a subject that, when put into the mesmeric trance, was completely subject to my will, so much so that when I thought a thought, I could will her to utter it; and so thought after thought," etc. Again:

"I know a mesmerized woman who can read my thoughts and utter them. I know, besides, she can see any form I desire her to see. If I think of a house, I can will her to see a house stand out a living form; and so of any other subject."

There can be no doubt that any person who has experimented, studied, or paid any attention to the phenomena and powers of subjects while in a mesmeric or somnambulic condition, has seen persons who did appear to be governed by the will of the so-called operator. The fact that operators appear to have the power to make them see and do as they will, cannot be doubted; but that subjects do that which operators may will them to do, is no proof that they make them do it, or that subjects cannot do the same things independent of them, and, if they should be so disposed, contrary to their express will. This being so,—and the fact that it is so, cannot be denied,—the question arises, Why do persons—operators or instructors—still believe and cling to the idea that the power to do so resides in themselves?

The answer is plain: that it is owing entirely to the false teachings of Mesmer, who promulgated the erroneous theory of the existence of an "animal magnetic" fluid in nature, which pervaded all matter, and was a power more or less developed in man as his nature was positive or not.

Now, if there is no such thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature, it certainly cannot be the means of producing the phenomena ascribed to it; and if it has no existence in nature, is it not worse than folly to speak of its existence, its power, its influence, etc.?

The fact that many persons can enter this state naturally, and independent of an operator, or that all persons who have been taught, can throw themselves into the condition at pleasure,—ought to convince any one, who can see facts at all, that magnetism can have nothing to do with it, and that somnambulism is a condition natural to some, and can be acquired by all who under proper instructions determine to do so.

In a series of well-devised experiments, instituted by the commissioners who were appointed by the French King to investigate the matter, the non-existence of animal magnetism was positively demonstrated; and although their investigations did not make them understand the true nature of the somnambulic condition, yet they proved most positively that animal magnetism had nothing to do with it, and that as a distinct fluid it had no existence in nature. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was one of the commissioners appointed by the French King, and his acumen and capabilities as an investigator cannot be doubted.

I have instituted many experiments to ascertain the facts in the case; and although subjects can, and often do, do things that you may will them to do, or believe all that you may tell them, no matter how contrary they may be to

what is really true; yet it is not owing to any power within yourself, but entirely the effect of a belief on their part that you have the power, and that they cannot do otherwise, consequently they do not make an effort to think or act for themselves. The power of reading the mind has deceived many operators; and as they can read the mind of any person as well as they can that of the operator, or see what they imagine as well as they can that which exists, what they thus see is as real to them as if it really existed. But I insist that they can do these things themselves, independent of any one; and that because they do these things for operators, who have made them believe that they must do as they will them, it does not follow that their doing so is imperative, or that the operator has absolute power to compel them to do as he wills. If persons in their waking moments were made to believe that they could not raise an arm, or open the closed hand, they could not do either, simply because they believed they could not, and, therefore, would not make the necessary effort to do so. The same is the case with persons in a mesmeric or somnambulic condition. If they are made to believe that they cannot do otherwise, they do not make the effort, and believing that they must see and do as others wish them, they do not resist, or use their own faculties of reason, and consequently do all the silly things that others may suggest or invent for them. I have tested the matter in a thousand ways, and have always found that it is impossible to effect any thing of the kind when persons have been taught the true nature of the state before they enter it; and it is only those who do not know better, that permit themselves to be trifled with.

Why, then, let me ask, make or permit an idiotic and ridiculous display, the result of false impressions, communicated by those who ought to know better, when a true exposition of the facts, and the proper study of the phenomena, belonging to the state, would not only lead to a correct knowledge in regard to its nature, but to innumerable benefits which the proper management of its phenomena would bring to pass.

Instead of depending upon the virtues of a thing which has no existence save in the imagination of those who practice the art of healing within them, and that by the laying on of hands, etc., they can impart the necessary fluid to effect cures,—if, instead of this, I say, they were to take advantage of the phenomena which are natural to those who are in a somnambulic condition, viz: their insensibility and their power to forget, or to make lasting resolutions when they are in that state, they could effect more positive good than they could by inducing faith, or depending upon an imaginary power of imparting an animal magnetic fluid.

The fact that subjects can read the mind of another, is not more remarkable than that they can forget diseases, or make a resolution which will hold good when they awake. This is a remarkable fact, and when taken advantage of, instructions can effect more permanent cures than by any other method that has yet been discovered.

I, therefore, contend that the only good which has been effected by the laying on of hands, has been the result of faith, and the friction, etc., usually employed, and not by any virtue in, or emanating from, the operator.

It is, therefore, high time that proper attention should be given to the truth, and the most rational, scientific and reliable method of effecting cures be generally adopted.

I would, therefore, say to all those who are interested in the truth, and desire to heal in a rational and successful way, study the phenomena possible to those who are in a somnambulic condition, and take advantage of their powers, and you will not only be successful, but you will hold how the discreditum has been accomplished.

The idea that it is necessary to possess a peculiar temperament or constitution to effect cures, is positively not true. Every man, woman and child is a healer, and if they will do what Mr. Newton, or any other healer, is in the habit of doing, they will have the same success, and more, if they can incite the necessary faith or belief, or gain the unbounded confidence of those whom they may operate on,—they will be successful in exact proportion as they can do so; but if they will study the phenomena and powers of the somnambulist, and direct the mind of the same (while in a somnambulic condition) properly, they can effect even more, and cure those cases—iff curable at all—which were not benefited by other healers, or by faith, belief, friction, or the laying on of hands, etc.

In conclusion I will remark also, that it will be found impossible for spirits to impress the mind of any one perfectly, or so as to effect cures, unless they are in a somnambulic condition, and until this fact is acted upon we cannot expect to reap the benefits of their aid in revealing disease; and as the facts all go to prove that all are healers who will use the necessary means to produce the effect,—and as there is no virtue outside of friction, faith, and the proper direction of the mind, especially in persons who are in a somnambulic condition,—the sooner we direct all our efforts to the true end, and act in accordance with the fixed laws, the sooner will we be able to reap the benefits which a proper understanding and a proper use of those God-given qualities were destined to confer.

Since writing the above, I see by the English papers, that Dr. Newton's operations have been severely criticised, and I think, too harshly; but if what is stated in the *Daily Telegraph* (London) be true, it has, in a great measure, been his own fault, for he "assumed and asserted that he was divinely inspired," etc. This, in the nineteenth century, is, to say the least of it, decidedly imprudent; and equally so was his saying to the allied, "In the name of the

Father, I say unto thee, Disease depart! All right! pass on and go right out of the hall!"

Dr. Newton, I apprehend, will find that science, as well as orthodox, will not permit any one to assume such a position, for the facts daily developing go to prove that we are all healers, and inspired in proportion to the means employed,—or that there is no virtue outside of the faith we can induce, the friction we make use of, or of the direction we can give the mind of the patient.

It is equally certain that very few, comparatively, are *permanently* healed by the method now employed, and that the failures are studiously withheld from the public. This is not right; for if we do not see the short-comings of an art, no progress can be made or perfection attained. I could give you several failures, made by the most celebrated in the art, which I am sorry to say, were "more ridiculous than sabbath-me," and did more injury to the cause than good to the patients.

To heal successfully, knowledge is wanted as much as reform; and both must be attained before the healing can be effected in a rational, common-sense and practical manner.

THE HAND WITH THE LILLY.

A Vision.

BY J. L. S.

That beautiful hand, that beautiful hand,
 With fingers so white and so fair,
 It's a spirit hand from the Summer Land,
 That floats through the ambient air.

The hand is as white as the clear sunlight,
 As pure as the untroubled snow,
 As light as the cloud that hangs like a shroud
 And moves with the air to and fro.

The hand holds a flower, a beautiful flower,
 A lily so pure and white;
 In the leaves of the flower seems embodied the power
 Of purity's deep silent might.

The hand is not still, but moves as it will,
 For it is not always at rest,
 But the hand I see is approaching me,
 And the flower it lays on my breast.

But the snow-white flower, the sweet, lovely flower,
 No longer is blooming and fair,
 In a moment of time its petals decline,
 Its beauty is lost in the air.

It shrinks from my touch and withers as much,
 As though it were scorched with the fire,
 As the subjective breath of evil is death
 To every true, noble desire.

The thought sent a thrill through my heart with a
 To think I should be so ignorant,
 My touch should thus blight the lily so white,
 My contact it could not endure.

And whilst I was thinking, the lesson deep drinking,
 So taught me in this silent hour,
 There formed on the stem where the lily had been,
 A cluster of seeds of the flower.

And again that hand, that beautiful hand,
 With fingers so white and so fair,
 Take the seeds from the stem and moving with them
 To my head, rubbed them into my hair.

And though in this life of darkness and strife
 The lilies grow not in our hand,
 They are sown in the mind of poor human-kind,
 And will bloom in the sweet Summer Land.

Darien, Wis.

PETER WEST.

LETTER FROM CHARLES PECK.

DEAR BROTHER:—Some time in the month of February, I went to Mr. Peter West's office, 180 S. Clark Street, previously hearing that he could look up absent friends. After sitting a short time, he told me that the vessel was safe on which my friends were coming from Germany; that there were eight persons on board belonged to me; that the vessel would arrive in N. Y. City, inside of ten days—perhaps I might see them in ten days; if not I would get a telegraph despatch from them,—all of which came directly true. The vessel's name is John Schmidt, which name he (West) told me, without any information from me.

The vessel had been out fifty one days, and been given up as lost. For all the above, I will vouch for its truth.

Chicago, Ill.

MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain has written an agricultural article at last,—treating of many bucolic topics. Here are a few extracts:

"Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send up a boy and let him shake the tree.

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmers to begin setting out their corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August."

Upward of Forty Thousand bottles of NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE were sold from Jan. 1st to June 1st, which fact tells its own story. It is so clean, and looks so nice that the ladies are all delighted with it. See advertisement.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

The verses dedicated to Stonewall Jackson were written under peculiar circumstances. Upon the evening after his spirit passed from the earth form, I was sitting in my library, engaged in pleasant converse with a friend, when suddenly I heard the voice of one whom I dearly loved, and who had recently become a dweller in the spirit land.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S REQUIEM.

BY WASH. A. DANSLIN.

Written on the evening after Jackson's spirit left the form.

Hark! Hark! what sounds are these That break upon my ear? Do martial notes float on the breeze To toll of armies gathering near? Not a note of war, but of peace, The organ floats above thy voice: While angels guard his spirit-birth Archangels sing, rejoice!

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What Shall be Done?

BY J. E. BAILEY.

This question has been pressing upon Spiritualists for a number of years, in relation to the best means of advancing the truths which are distinctively its own, as well as rounding out those which are common to it and all other religious movements.

True to this infinite law of progression, each new manifestation of this vital function of human attribute, crops out upon a higher plane of unfoldment and necessarily meets the frowns, jeers and deadly opposition of devotees of the encrusted and often petrified developments preceding it.

Religion, in its broadest and true sense, is the inmost, the vital element, the expanding principle of human life. While it may not have being, it is not a something to be sought and caught—as one would net or hook fish, but the vital inspiration, the "electric spark" of human aspiration.

Let us look for a moment at Nature's processes. She desires a given result, which involves growth, higher attainments. She grasps the means adapted to the end, and through the medium of the material counter part, the highest possible result.

This law of Nature is as imperative in the progress of political and religious conceptions, forms and modes of expression thereof, as in any other department of the advancing productions of Nature. The status of religion, civilization and science; of soul, spirit and body; of interior and exterior; of man, animal, vegetable or mineral, whether in the spiritual or material realm, is alike dependent upon the universal principle of organization as exemplified in Nature's imperative but limitless variety of forms and combinations.

Organization, growth, maturity and decay, each individually fulfilling its proper use and mission, as well by the law of disintegration as that of organization. Spiritualism needs no creed, no binding formula of worship; but it does need business organization, whereby to cope with the obstacles which naturally attend its progress, and most efficient work.

Many prominent and worthy, as well as able minds in our ranks, have undeviatingly opposed the organization of Spiritualism. Others, equally able, wise and honest, have consistently favored such efforts from the very first. Others still, entitled to the same respect and credit for fidelity to conceived duty, have circled the extremes of both positions, and now again hold the opinion that it is unwise to organize.

Organization, to my mind, being an inevitable fact and necessity to Spiritualism, as it has been to all religious movements and to all progressive steps of Nature, though ever taking higher forms, bringing the interior nearer to the surface of disclosure, must and will be based upon this central principle of Nature, and occupy as relatively a higher plane of organic form as it does of spiritual and religious conception.

The local independent society, then, is the central, vital source of collective power, but in order to increase and more universally utilize the aggregation of uniting power, it is well and essential that combinations on a broader scale as to area and numbers, be formed; though supervisory power ought not to be granted such associations.

The national combination, entitled the American Association of Spiritualists, was organized at its seventh annual convention at Richmond, Ind., on the 27th day of September next. The present form of organization and the name of that body, was inaugurated at Rochester, N. Y., two years ago.

At first thought, the system of delegations from local societies and lyceums, would seem most liberal and safe. But let us pause for a moment and consider the reasons for the express purpose of securing delegates! Ambitious and unscrupulous individuals could always "work up" a delegation to suit them, provided the convention be held in such a locality as would favor the purposes of these interested individuals.

The reason for this explicit statement and declaration, is that the signs of the times indicate that the coming Century here will be another attempt to change our organic chart so as to conform to the views of those who still favor the system of local society delegations.

The plea will be raised that "the association has accomplished nothing during the last year." What did it accomplish during the year before, except to raise considerable talk, ill feeling, jealousy and some money, which was duly expended in defraying the "expenses" of "agents" who "trespassed upon the rights of state and local associations?"

This matter of the basis of representation, has been a bone of contention in many of our conventions, and I believe is as well fixed for all practical purposes as it will be likely to be, at least until practical work shall point out its defects, if any, and enable us to find an intelligent solution of its weakness and the remedy.

purpose as it will be likely to be, at least until practical work shall point out its defects, if any, and enable us to find an intelligent solution of its weakness and the remedy. The Board of Trustees has the power to delegate to do anything which we would be willing to delegate to it the right to do, except, perhaps, the power to raise money.

It is well settled, I think, that no one influenced by considerations of personal emolument, power or prowess, can succeed in moving forward the work of the American or any other association of Spiritualists, and the fact that the American Association of Spiritualists has been quite dormant during the last year, is no evidence of the weakness or defectiveness of the articles, nor of the lack of ability and fidelity of its present officers, but is merely the result of that natural reaction which must necessarily succeed the untimely action of the immature party.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

GOD. The Impersonal and Personal.

BRO. BARRETT.—There are some questions I would like settled, and I look to you as one, perhaps, able to settle them. Not being gifted with an abundance of language, or an insurance of time in which to press my inquiries, I use the medium of pen and ink.

I have just been reading William Denton's pamphlet on "What is Right?" giving the Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian views in regard to it,—each one stoutly asserting that they know their view is right.

I never could see the availability of Christ's blood in saving us from our sins, or the reasonableness of such a doctrine, except under one construction,—that is, that he resisted sin unto blood and death,—thus leaving an example which, if imitated, brings us freedom from sin; and believing that he, by his experience, was made acquainted with our sorrows and struggles, we prayed to him, and through faith received strength, which was a witness within that we possessed the truth.

I rejoice in our liberty to accept new truths, without the law of any church to sanction or forbid. But what to us, as mediums, is knowledge respecting the future life, must, to my mind, still remain a matter of faith with many, if not the majority of people, and who is able to say to them, that coming generations will not pronounce our faith idle and delusive, even as our present faith supersedes that of the orthodox, so-called?

Now, I would not give a farthing for any faith which, applied to my every-day life, will not make me a better friend to humanity, a better wife and mother, and a better member of the community. It is by the force of temptation, I yield to it, where it is the aid and comfort of what I call the knowledge of a future life, or that spirits can and do communicate with us, except the pleasing prospect of a deliverance from temptation when the physical body is laid aside?

I expect your view is that our strength is within ourselves, and that by blundering, repenting, watching the approach of evil, warding it off—if we can—we must school ourselves into a better, higher form of life, aided, perhaps, by the spirits. If, then, we appeal to them for aid, can you not see that it does violence to our preconceived ideas of God—whom to think of, we must place in supremacy to all things created?

Yours, in search of truth, MRS. L. E. HEBBERD.

REMARKS BY J. O. BARRETT.

The above inquiries of our good Sister, who is a pure-minded medium, are natural to every thinking mind in transit from the old to the new. Being candid and so common, we will attempt an answer. The Universalist idea of a personal God is filially beautiful, for here is breadth of love; hence the claim of this faith to a progressive orthodoxy. Universalism is orthodox under happier aspects—expanded. That is the end of orthodoxy. Here will the churches gravitate, as fast as they progress. Beyond that is newness, another plane of religion.

sake of popular caste, we lose our moral identity and therein no growth. No free exalted angel can breathe in a church, hence the inspiration there is cold and dead, formal and fashionable. Out into the sunshine if you would live!

If we would entertain holy angels, who can instruct and bless us, we must first entertain correct ideas of life and its relations, for our loving ideas determine the degree of spiritual attraction to the ministering spirits.

Our good Sister has passed from the external to the internal; from the personal to find the Impersonal or Cause, where only the soul can rest. Because Spiritualists maintain that God is impersonal, does it therefore follow there is no God revealed to us? Personality involves organization? Is form all there is to know? This is but a child's ideal.

God, therefore, to the Spiritualist is essential life, intelligence and love. Our positive is impersonal in principle, personal in manifestation; that is, the All-Soul, being infinite in its capacity of thought and love, has infinite manifestations, from manna to angels. No better definition was ever given than John's, "God is Love." Wherever love is, there is God.

We must say to our sister: Persevere, overcome, by calm and trustful effort, as the culture of every latent good within your being, aided by millions of forces from without—the angels highest and love the inmost—rise into conscious spirituality, into the universal of inspiration and revelation, and all doubt is gone; the soul finds rest here, as a star finds rest in the glory of the sun.

Glen Beulah, Wisconsin, July 23, 1870.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CAN MAN DO WHAT GOD CANNOT DO?

BY DR. E. B. WHEELOCK.

Methinks a full and perfect answer to this question will require a little more thinking, and present more difficulties than a common Sunday school scholar may suppose. But here comes a very smart theological Bible student, who says the question and answer are very simple. For the "good book" says, "With God all things are possible," therefore, whatever is possible for man to do, is possible for God to do,—and who but an infidel dare say otherwise? The answer must be no.

But, dear friends, nearly all questions have two sides to them. If you will slide your answer, it might be well,—but after a little more reflection, methinks you will fly the track! Perhaps you have not contemplated sufficiently upon the many things which your D. Ds. say man is capable of doing! Are you not instructed, man can "roll sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue," that he can lie, steal, and murder, and make himself ridiculously drunk? Can God do those things?

Again, are you not taught that man can repent, can "get" religion, can "get" a new heart, can be born again, can cease to do evil, can learn to do well, can grow wiser and better, and better still,—that he is a "free agent," free to do wrong,—to think wrong, and moreover, can kill himself? Do you not recognize the above as some of the things which man can do? If so, please tell me how many of these can your God do? Can God "roll sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue? Can He lie? Can He steal? Can He repent? Can He get religion, and get a new heart? Can He be born again, and cease to do evil, and learn to do well? Can He grow wiser, and better, and finally play the Judas, and hang himself?

Now stands the cause of our young student now? If with "God all things are possible," He can do—what man can do, of course,—can lie, can grow worse, and worse,—can turn a millstone both ways at the same time, and make a straight stick just three feet long without either end to it,—can be everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

Now, my dear brother, are you still prepared to abide by your answer, and affirm that man can do nothing but what it is possible for God to do? We have pictured to you the result in the light of popular theology,—what do you say now?

My friend stands confounded in the whirlpool of his own making! He laughingly turns upon his heel, and gives me the following good advice gratis, by saying, "You had better get religion!"

Now comes student No. 2, who attempts to approach this question philosophically and independent of the creeds of men. He says "I have no creed to depend on, and no particular church to support, no 'infallible book' to keep from sinking,—and no written authority to give me unerring wisdom. I shall appeal to reason, and to that divinity which is sometimes found in common sense, independent of pope or priest."

in the sense of the absolute, and final results are right. Wrong may exist, relatively speaking, but not in the absolute sense. To say that man can do what God cannot, is equivalent to saying that God is no God, but a kind of fixture to the universe,—liable to many misfortunes, endless blunders and disappointments, and as a consequence may resort to fires, floods, and crucifixion of sons, and the howling of priests from one end of the globe to the other, to keep it even in decent trim, saying nothing of others. Such is the Christian's God,—extremely weak and pusillanimous.

Let us ask, what can man do? Why of himself, nothing. Can he live, move and have a being independent of an Infinite Power? If lie, and being flow from the fountain of Infinite Good, how absurd to call the results which may follow that life and being, evil, and naught but evil. If the tree is good, why call ye the fruit bad? All supposed evil is universal good; therefore whatever is, and under whatever name it may be called, are but one of the modes of divine existence. Whatever we may denominate Divine Providence is but the Divine proceeding,—is but the Infinite in self-manifestation.

REMARKS BY JORDAN COX.

This is a quotation from the Church Union (copied in the Journal of June 18th), from an article by Beecher in reply to questions propounded by Rev. Haddock of Appleton, Wis., wherein Beecher gives his views of Spiritualism. With his intellectual convictions, I have nothing to say. With his soul wants, conscious spiritual needs, and the failure of his own religion to meet those wants, I have much to say. Mr. Beecher expresses the great universal desire of the human soul when he says: "Who does not wish with all his soul that Spiritualism might prove true?" He is not insensible to the great sympathies and spiritual instincts of humanity. But does he know, or rather does he not know, that that is a God-given want—a prayer uttered by all souls, and is answered in Spiritualism, which first meets and supplies the wants and hopes he so well expresses.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

"We frankly admit that we long to believe in Spiritualism, but cannot. We do not only resist evidence and conviction, but rather solicit belief. Who does not wish with all his soul, that it might prove true that windows were opened into the other world, through which we might commune with the disembodied?"

REMARKS BY JORDAN COX.

How few ministers have even awakened to spiritual consciousness sufficiently to appreciate this soul-longing,—fewer still frank enough to express it. But humanity has all along done as goodly looked lovingly and hopefully to heaven for real soul-satisfying evidence of our immortality. Spiritualism is but the echo of this silent prayer, which only God and his angels could hear and answer.

What class of intelligences could serve as "ministering spirits" for us and ambassadors from the celestial world, but those of our own race, at once with us in sympathy, "who can be touched by the feelings of our infirmities"—interested in our desires and aspirations?—No wonder Mr. Beecher "longs to believe in Spiritualism." But how deeply does the great preacher feel the inadequacy of his own external religion,—theology erected upon mythical promises, to meet the divine longings of his soul, and as Mr. Beecher "longs" and "wishes" and "solicits" belief, and as "the wish is father to the thought," let us hope that these desires may be fully gratified, and that he may not only believe, but know that our "fellow servants" may return and "minister" to the "hearts of our creation."

SHORT SERMONS ON SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"The gospel according to St. Matthew."—Bible. As this text is in the Bible, and we are told that every word is inspired of God, and as it was evidently written by the one who relates the accounts and accordance, it may as well be taken for a text as any other part of the narrative.

But there is still another difficulty. This story is devoid of dates, of which it is important always that a witness should be explicit to be believed. When did these events take place, is certainly an important question; but the writer is silent on this when or where did this nameless and unknown scribe of Matthew's gospel write out the story. Here again we have only echo for an answer. The best scholars guess it was written in the first or second century after the events occurred, but by whom, is left open for us all to guess. As there is not an original scrip, nor a sentence even in the language in which it was supposed to have been written, and no dates and no accordance with other accounts of the supposed events, it must be rejected as testimony, under all modern rules to determine the reliability of witnesses. The fatal mistake of fulfilling the Scriptures in the Sonship, and in the number of generations, is enough to reject it, but its want of dates and places for its events, is still more fatal, and then come the general discrepancies, in which there is no agreement with other accounts, so that we must either take this and reject them, or take them and reject this.

They have a queer way of amusing themselves in Auburn. A party catch a toad, then a couple dozen of fireflies or "lightning-bugs." They make the toad swallow the bugs, and afterwards put him under a glass dish. The little flies keep up a flashing inside for some minutes, and illuminate the toad all over. The toad likes it, too.

Naughty boys at New Orleans cut the tails off of cows in the suburbs of that city, and sell them to the chignon-makers.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Media"—"The Maid Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—"The Rivals," etc.

CHAPTER X.

The door bell had rung pretty loudly, and just as the Rev. Leander Mosgrove had spoken the last word of our previous chapter, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Marian, not thinking of the reverend gentleman's presence, was gleefully crossing the threshold of the entrance leading into the parlors. As suddenly looking up, she stopped short, somewhat abashed, and blushing gracefully apologized, whereupon Rev. Leander Mosgrove arose, and extending his hand, expressed himself pleased to see her. Elsie would have passed on to her room, but as she momentarily hesitated at the doorway, Somerville arose, and inviting her into the room, introduced her to the preacher. As he continued to be pleasant, a smile rippled over his rubicund face, as he extended his still open hand. But as the name, "Elsie Charlton," fell on his ear, none saw the spasmodic twinge that, like an electric shock, traversed in an instant his being. His clasp of her hand, though not slight, instantly relaxed, and his hand fell with something of a jerk to his side. He would have fallen in his seat again, but Darlington Ronaldson now entered, and was intruded to the smiling pastor. The unctuous smile, though now seeming less free and full, he was confused and somewhat nervous. The spasmodic fall of the pastor's hand from that of Elsie's, was noted casually by Somerville, and he glanced almost triumphantly toward Elsie, as he thought they were about to be favored with a present test and manifestation, corroboratory of all he had previously spoken to his theological opponent. But Elsie had turned away, and passing Somerville and Marian by, sat a little removed from all. That which George had observed in the pastor's movements, was occasioned by a dim, though sudden recollection, the sound of the name called up, and not as he had thought, a spirit or magnetic thrill conveyed by the touch of her hand.

A few common-place remarks only had passed between Ronaldson and the pastor, as the latter, seeming now to be ill at ease, intimated to George and Lady Somerville his pleasure in parting company with them for the night. The music ceased, and he rose to leave. As he did so, Elsie also stood stiffly up, facing them all, as all eyes were directed toward her. Hers were closed. Leander Mosgrove, hat in hand, began bidding them good-night. "He did not wish to give countenance to such jugglery and *atomism*," Somerville placing his finger to his lips, intimated his wish that the reverend gentleman would remain a few minutes longer with them.

"Sylvus Charlton," said the medium, in a voice clear and shrill. "At last we meet." The pallor of his face blanched to very whiteness—whiter than the scarf he wore, and as he hastily shook hands with them to leave, his trembling was perceptible to all. Again, George urged him to remain, and the medium approached, exclaimed: "Strive not, but bear me. For years you have wronged yourself—wronged me. Why will you continue to stifle the voice that has spoken to you to-night,—has spoken to you before?"

"You must excuse me, friends. I wish to know no more of this," Leander stammered, making toward the door. Somerville remarked that the message seemed to be for him,—asked him if he knew any thing about it, and advised him to question the spirit. "I know nothing of this, friends. I beg of you—"

Lady Somerville now came to the rescue, and hoped if this demonstration was, as it certainly must be, so offensive to "our pastor," she hoped they would not be so rude and unchristian as to insist on him remaining.

"Sylvus Charlton, heed the voice of reason. You have evaded me long, but at last we meet. O, what have I not suffered since I have borne your name!"

The preacher would have fled from the place, but a strange weakness seemed now to come over him, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he grasped the chair he had just vacated, and glared up at the medium, with face of aspen hue, and eyes of ghastly gaze.

"And would you prolong your desertion,—continue to fly from your wife—fly from your wife and child? Will you not remember, Mary Charlton whom, within sight of the beautiful lakes of Killarney, you vowed to protect and shield with your life,—and will you not recognize this medium, *our child*, Elsie? You would have passed from here,—yes, without knowing her, though so near. But when the name was announced, it was I, Sylvus, who impressed on your memory, and started through your partially awakened soul, a dim recollection of the long, long past. Learn from this the simple fact of the spirit's capacity, to gain love over and over their experiences of your sphere, and this will prove your punishment, until by an actual overcoming of evil, you outgrow the errors and sin-stains, and their results contracted in earth-life. This, the purging and purifying process through which all must pass, by it many shall be made white and tried. But I must now give way for a while. There is another waiting impatiently to speak. In truth, he did much to assist me here. Sylvus Charlton, 'be just, and fear not.' Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God. Good-by."

"Well, sir, I've been an old salt, and I hope the lady will excuse my forwardness. But I was afraid she wouldn't say enough, and I was too fidgety to speak. Mr. Charlton, you will hardly remember me. You've changed some, and prospered considerably since you left so suddenly, the 'old country.' You'll excuse my bluntness. I've followed the sea considerably, and find myself somewhat a little abrupt. But I wish now to say—"

"Indeed, friends, I am violating my own conscience and better judgment. You must excuse me," pastor Mosgrove recovering, now expostulated, moving toward the door.

"Mr. Mosgrove, please listen a little longer. This spirit I know, and you can rest assured he will say nothing to wound you in the least. This is the captain,—is it not?" said Somerville.

The medium grasped his hand, and answering in the affirmative, shook him heartily. "Yes, George, I'm here again, and I'm right glad this dear girl—let me see, her name—Elsie; yes, Elsie, my little protégée she once was. But O George, I'm so glad she's found her father after so long a search. It was partially with this object that I risked her on old ocean, when as yet she was such a wee little thing, a tiny spittle, so frail that but a slight wind would have carried her up and away. Yes, Mr. Charlton, this girl,—you need not hesitate, she is your own Elsie. You, she never would know,—though you, sir, if you will come nearer, may soon decide beyond mistake that she is yours. Look on those features, how like your own! And that full and slaken brown hair, so like her mother's; and her full expressive eye, floating

in its own pelucid blue, as hers who bore her Mary Charlton. Forget the past, embrace your child, and be happy."

The medium backed off slowly toward the seat from which she had arisen, and sitting down, drew her hands several times transversely along her brow. Then pressing her temples with her open palms, unclosed her eyes as if from deep sleep, and her first look was a prolonged involuntary stare at the wondering parson, as he sat in the chair convulsed with deep feeling, broken up and weeping as a little child. None disturbed his grief. Turning her gaze slowly from the penitente man, Elsie's steady clear eye passed from Ronaldson to Lizzie at the melodeon, thence to Lady Emeline and George, and on to Marian; but for some minutes none seemed able or willing to speak.

At length, George unable to bear the sight of the pastor's loneliness, in his grief arose, and approached him with open hands and a word of hope and cheer on his lips. The weeping man still trembling with emotion, reached out his hand, and said: "Bless you, George; what is this? There is a power here that is all new to me; something I have never known till now. O George, how wrong I have been in opposing this influence so indiscriminately and relentlessly. Forgive me, George, forgive me."

He stood up, and shaking warmly the hand he held in his, embraced Somerville affectionately again and again. Permitting himself to be led now like a little child, they crossed together to the wondering Elsie's side, and the exquisite joy produced by the revelation of their relationship, and the mutual recognition of father and child, can not be told.

At the remarkable conclusion of the theological tilt designed by Lady Emeline, between her husband and her "bestowed pastor"—so adverse to her expectations and fondest hopes, she was completely dumfounded, and as she retired silent and disappointed that night, this little sentence tingled in her ears, "They who came to scoff, remained to pray."

CHAPTER XI.

"Man shot! a man shot," was the hurried reply from many lips, in answer to the exciting questioning of the curious and hurrying crowd, as to the cause of the stirring commotion in the midst of a prominent thoroughfare, a short distance from them.

Many gathered round the wounded man, and as he was being conveyed to his room at the hotel, they gazed curiously at his pallid features, and wondered and questioned as to the particulars of the difficulty. Some distance from them, though yet within sight, Dexter Harlan, between two police officers, was being conducted to the "tombs."

The victim of his brutish jealousy and cowardly revenge, was A. Darlington Ronaldson. The deed though done at midday, was perpetrated without a moment or a whisper of warning, and though on the way to his room, he suffered intense pain, yet not a murmur of complaint, nor a word of censure escaped him.

Arrived at his room, the crowd followed—some from idle curiosity, others expressing and feeling real sympathy for the sufferer; and the officers were leaving the room as a tall gentleman man pushed his way through eagerly, and reaching the bedside of his friend, George Somerville, reached out his hand, and almost breathless exclaimed, "Heavens, Darlington, what has happened? The wound,—is it dangerous?"

The attending surgeon near him replied in a whisper, "Yes, sir, it is dangerous, and unless we are very careful, and he remains very quiet, will prove mortal."

At the sound of Somerville's familiar voice, Ronaldson unclosed his eyes, and smiling faintly as he grasped the open hand of his friend, in a husky voice, said:

"George, bless you, I'm glad you have come. I fear I am badly hurt this time. Dexter, I fear me, has been more sure,—fatal with his aim in his second attempt on my life. The pain, George, is terrible. I hope I shall recover, for his sake. But if I do not, God forgive him. I would not have him punished as I now suffer."

"You show a kind and noble spirit, Darlington. You deserve to recover, as I hope sincerely you will, but you must not speak so much now. The surgeon says you must try to be perfectly quiet. Shall I send Marian to you? I'm sure when she knows the worst, she will fly to your aid."

God bless her angel soul. But, George, she must not know the worst. It will not do. For her sake, George, she must not see me now. It is useless for her to brave alone the heartless gossip of popular opinion. The public will talk, and likes well to feast on scandal, even though it be fabulous."

"Darlington, I know Marian's kindly and impulsive nature, and I know she will not care for, nor consult public opinion, when she knows of this."

"She is noble and brave, I know; far too pure a woman for the creature who calls her wife. But I must not speak of this. For his enmity to me, I could forgive and befriend him, would he but value as he should, the vestal treasure he has in Marian."

"He is a brutish man; an assassin and coward!"

"Yes; but I would not harm him. I hope he may escape, and though, I suppose, the law must have its course, yet I forgive him freely. O, this pain in my side and near my heart is terrible! I must rest."

"Yes, Darlington, rest quietly as you can. Try and get some sleep; it will refresh you. Good-by! Bless you! I will be with you soon."

"Good-by. Come o'ten, George."

They clasped hands, and parting, Somerville left sadly for his home. And had he really desired to do so, he would most assuredly have failed in keeping from Marian's knowledge the fact of her friend's fatal mishap, for his rueful countenance, as he entered his home, led as the unerring index, direct to the secret of his soul. As in answer to her persistent questioning and solicitation, he gradually and gently led her on to the realization of the gloomy fact,—her face grew pale as marble, and she continued eagerly to listen to Somerville's recital of the intense pain occasioned by the wound which Ronaldson was then suffering, and the genuine nobility, patience and forgiving spirit exhibited by the wounded man,—her tears, at the first to her imperceptible, began to trickle fast.

permit her to attend him, and to contribute as she could to his comfort, and aid in the alleviation of his suffering. He blessed her for her kindness, and said with a smile she should do just as she deemed best. To be continued.

A COMPACT.

A Spirit returns and is recognized.

BY A. A. AVERY.

I must embrace this opportunity to congratulate you on the appearance of the JOURNAL. Almost every number comes to me with some single piece that is worth the entire year's subscription—for instance, Bro. J. G. Fish's lecture in the number for June 25th. I only wish he had answered a little more explicitly the question, "How shall man become fully developed, that he shall receive communications from the spirit-world?" That is still the question with me, "How am I to cultivate the powers within me," when I scarcely know that those powers exist? I hope Bro. Fish will favor us with another lecture in which he will enter more explicitly into the minutæ of preparation, for I long to become a medium.

Having seen recently two articles in the JOURNAL on "Compact," I wish to relate one to you that was made between me and my wife, while we were both in good health,—to this effect, that just three months after one of us died, the other should receive a visit from the departed one, and a certain signal was to be given, and always to be kept a secret between ourselves,—hoping thus to avoid imposition from outside influence. We postponed the meeting for that length of time in order to let the spirit get thoroughly recuperated from the effects of the last illness and death. Directly after we had made the compact, my dear Mira began to exhibit unmistakable signs of quick consumption, and when it became evident that her time on the mortal side of life was short, I asked her if she remembered our compact. She replied that she did, and would do her best to comply on her part. She died on the 18th of February, and I calculated that on the 21st of May, allowing thirty days for a month, would be the time. On the night of the 18th of May, I was awakened from sleep by the pat, pat, pat of her hand on my right cheek, which was the signal of her presence. Then she was to call on me by my middle name. I listened with unspeakable anxiety to hear the name, but no sound followed. I repaired to my room on the 21st at the appointed hour, but received no further signal. I presume she did not have the power to call my name.

NEW YORK.

Spiritualism in New York—A Spirit Hand seen.

LETTER FROM JOHN CORWIN.

BROTHER S. S. JONES.—It is some time since I have written you. I feel as though every active mind should be heard from as often as possible. Since my last writing, I have passed a month in visiting friends, in the counties of Tompkins, Schuyler, Chemung, Allegany and Steuben, and I am satisfied from conversation and observation, that the public ear was never more open to listen to, and the hearts of the people more willing earnestly to investigate and accept the truths of Spiritualism, than now. Old Theology is everywhere starving the soul of humanity. The Church and the Clergy are fast losing their power to control the people. Everywhere the cry is coming up, "Give us more light!" "Give us a new and better religion!" "What of Spiritualism?" "Tell us what you can of the life immortal—of the hereafter!" "We want a knowledge of the better land!"

In visiting relatives in West Union, out of courtesy I went with them on a Sunday to a Methodist meeting. It was well attended. Nothing unusual transpired with them. My spiritual perception was so illuminated, that I could read the character of nearly every one present, as an open book. There was much of the religious element, but little of the spiritual. The people were determined that I should speak to them in the evening on Spiritualism, but I was otherwise engaged; but told them if they desired me, I would give a lecture the next evening at Wileyville, two miles distant. There they gave me a good audience, and earnest hearing. I have lectured once in Trumansburgh, Tompkins county, to a large and very interested audience. E. T. Wheeler lectured there last fall. Spiritualism has a sure foot-hold in Trumansburgh. Last Monday I attended a funeral in the family of Albert Slocum, Lansingville. "Johnny" Slocum, aged fourteen, has gone to commune in the spirit life with his little sisters and brother passed on before him.

A few weeks previous to the "death" (?) of his darling boy, he saw one night a spirit hand on or near his breast, and called his sister, telling her he had been trying to put it away from him. The mother overhearing what was said, told him, perhaps it was some good spirit waiting to shake hands with, and comfort him. Whereupon, Johnny gave his hand, when the spirit hand grasped his and shook it heartily. I am impressed that it was the hand of his spirit sister, Alice, some years in spirit life, come to welcome him over. Alice has previously manifested herself to the family, at different times, and in various ways. There was a very large attendance of sympathizing friends at the funeral (both in and out of the body). I was requested to speak on the occasion; and I know that then and there, men and women listened to the humble utterances that fell spontaneously from my lips, for half an hour, with a degree of interest, that indexes the earnest yearning of the great heart of humanity, in this day of light and progress, to know more of the true nature of man's organization in this life, and of the real character of what is called death, and of the possibilities of life-experience "beyond the river."

Eighty young ladies, trained in the Queen's Institute, Dublin, are now employed in the various English telegraphic offices.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists,

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD.

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 27th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province, having organized Societies, is invited to send Delegates, according to the number of Representatives; the District of Columbia to send two Delegates,—to attend, and participate in the business that will arise before this meeting.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.

634 Race St. Philadelphia. The Board will meet on Monday, the 26th of September, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Hall above named.

Speakers Register.

Speakers Register and Notice of Meetings

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested. Hereafter we shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us by the FARMS INTERESTED with a pledge on their part that they will keep us posted in regard to changes; and in addition to that, express to indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by word and deed. Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

- Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium 148, Fourth Ave. Chicago Ill. J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J. O. Francis Allen, Stoneham, Mass. Chicago, Room 10 Harrison Aught, Charles City, Iowa. Adelle L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of BRUNSON-PRINZ' SPIRITUAL JOURNAL. Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 394 LaPorte Ind. Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beach, Wisconsin. Henry A. Beach, Spring Valley, N. Y. J. S. Rouse, Caser, Ill. H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Pennville, Jay Co., Ind. Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Address Ancora, N. J. A. J. Fishback, Victoria, Missouri. Rev. J. Francis, Ogdenburg, N. Y. I. H. Graves, Prekelsand, Iowa. E. Garret, author of "Biography of Eatan." Address Richmond, Ind. Thomas Harding, box 291, Sturgis, Mich. Samuel S. Hartman, Goshen, New Paris, Fremont, Ind. L. D. Hay, late of Huntsville, Texas, will answer calls Mrs. Hope, Trance, and Test Medium Waterloo, Wis. Daniel W. Hall, inspirational speaker, Hobart, Ind. Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn, Lecturer Address him in care of this Office, 189, South Clark Street D. P. Kayser, M. D., Clairvoyant, Erie, Pa. R. P. Lawrence, Inspirational Speaker, Ottumwa, Iowa. Mrs. F. A. Logan, care of Warren Chase, 837 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. J. Mansfield, Inspirational Speaker and Healing Medium, Seville, Ohio. Miss A. C. McClendon, Inspirational Speaker, Rock Island, Ill. C. Mills, West Buxton, Maine. Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 288 Superior st., Cleveland Mrs. S. A. Peasall inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium, Washington, D. C. Harriet E. Pope, Morristown, Minn. Dr. P. B. Randolph, 89 Court St., Boston, Mass. Mrs. S. A. Rozor, inspirational speaker. Address in care of A. J. Grover, Rock Island, Ill. Warren Smith, Alexandria, Madison Co., Ind. Ohio. Job Smyth, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, M.D., lecturer on Spiritualism, Medical Reform, Physical Culture etc., Milwaukee, Wis. Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn Benjamin Todd, Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Benjamin Todd, Inspirational Speaker, Portland, Oregon. M. M. Tonsey, Lake Mills. J. B. Tupper, trance speaker, Jamestown, Wis. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O. Dr. Samuel Underhill, Tonics, Ill. J. William Van Name, Trance Speaker, Elmira, N. Y. Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, inspirational speaker. Address Newcastle, Pa. St., Chicago, Ill. M. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill. A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls Iowa. Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich. T. Woodruff, inspirational speaker and healer. Jackson, Miss., to lecture. Mrs. Consls, Five Corners, N. Y. Mrs. L. G. McQuinn, Moline, Ill. Miss Helen Briggs, Tarrytown, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture. Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, Trance, and Test Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Oil City, Pa.

- DR. J. W. STEWART, M. D., WILL CURE DISEASES AND INFIRMITIES OF MAN AND WOMAN AND CHILD FREE OF CHARGE, to all who are unable to pay, from 8 a. m. to 10 a. m., at the American Hotel, Grand Rapids, Mich., commencing April 26, and remain until further notice. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 5 p. m. The Doctor will visit patients who cannot leave their beds. vsbtl. SOUL-READING, OR Psychometric Delineations. A. B. SEVERANCE, THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST, Will give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or lock of hair, readings of character; marked changes, past and future; advice in regard to business; diagnosis of disease, with prescription; adaptation of those intending marriage; directions for the management of children; hints to the infirm; and marriage etc. TERMS—\$2.00 for Full Delineations; Brief Delineations \$1.00. A. B. SEVERANCE, 349 Florida St., Milwaukee, Wis. ol. 7, No. 13-14. UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM. WITH Criticisms on its Opposers, AND A REVIEW OF HUMBIGS AND HUMBIGERS, WITH PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR EXPERIMENTS IN THE SCIENCE—FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USING IT AS A REMEDY IN DISEASE—HOW TO AVOID ALL DANGER. THE PHILOSOPHY OF ITS CURATIVE POWERS; How to Develop a Good Clairvoyant THE PHILOSOPHY OF SEEING WITHOUT EYES. THE PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY DERIVED FROM THE UNFOLDING OF MESMERISM—EVIDENCE OF MENTAL COMMUNION WITHOUT SIGHT OR SOUND, BETWEEN BODIES FAR APART IN THE FLESH— COMMUNION OF SAINTS, OR WITH THE DEPARTED. BY SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D., L. L. D., LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, ETC., ETC. Price \$1.38. Postage 12 cents. The Trade supplied. Address S. S. Jones, Chicago, Ill.

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LETTER FROM ED. F. GARDNER.

DEAR JOURNAL: I had the pleasure of meeting Peter West, the wonderful clairvoyant, test-medium, healer and mineral locator, the other day on Water street. I had not met him in some time, he having been West, in the employ of parties, locating mineral diggings. I first met Mr. West some time last spring, at his office, 189 S. Clark street, and after testing him to my satisfaction, succeeded in inducing him to visit Monroe, Wisconsin, then my place of residence, which he did some time during the latter part of the spring or early summer, making his home with me.

While there, he gave some fine and convincing tests as I have ever seen given by any medium. I was then in the law, and had many friends who had heard of Mr. West, and were desirous of seeing him, many of whom came to my house and office to witness the manifestations of our spirit friends through him, all of whom so far as came to my knowledge, were perfectly satisfied with regard to the genuineness of the manifestations, and marvelled at the degree of power and intelligence exhibited therein.

While at Monroe he gave many striking evidences of clairvoyance, one of which I will briefly mention. A man, well known to me, came into my office to consult with Mr. West in regard to some money that had been stolen from him. Mr. West described the person who took it, and gave the name, described the premises and the particular location of the money when taken; the time, manner, and all the attending circumstances connected therewith, as well as the motive, which subsequent investigation proved to be correct to the letter. Mr. West told how the money could be reclaimed. His directions were followed, and with the result predicted. The money had been taken by a married daughter at the instance of her husband, under promise that it should be returned or replaced before being missed.

The father had only to charge the matter home to the "wayward children," and elicited a full confession, which most strikingly verified Mr. West's prophecy. It was a great mystery to the "dear children" how the father could possibly become so well acquainted with all the circumstances of the taking before receiving their confession.

One other phase of his mediumship is answering sealed, written questions, which I have never known him fail to do, and in such a manner as will carry conviction to the questioner, that the intelligence answering comprehends the question, and that, too, without the aid of Mr. West's eye, for he never sees the question until answered, and not then unless voluntarily shown him. Still another phase of his mediumship, is that of locating minerals, in which he has been quite extensively engaged of late. The locations made by him in the county of Greene, Wisconsin, so far as I have seen at the time I last heard from there, show conclusively that he either has the power of looking into the earth, or that he receives sensations from somewhere, that enable him to describe the state or condition of things in the bowels of the earth, without the aid of the natural eye, for he does this before the earth is broken, and subsequent developments prove that he must have had knowledge of the actual condition of things outside of his "natural" self.

I accompanied him one day when he made locations of lead for some parties, and it was easy to be seen that something or other affected him singularly in passing over mineral grounds, and I could tell instantly when he was passing over a crevice, for he would jerk and twitch as though he was not properly put together, and was going to be dislocated for the time being, or all time. I, of course, don't know how those locations will prove up, but at the time they were made, felt confident of their success and genuineness,—except in one instance, that of a Mr. William Parr, which was the last one made that day, and Mr. West seemed to be less "affected" by Mother Earth, and when I mentioned the matter to him, he stated that where the ground had been broken, crevices opened, and mineral dirt, &c., thrown to the surface, that the emanations from the mineral affected him more "generally" than when coming from crevices unopened,—that is to say, in the latter case it came in streaks, and was more spasmodic in its action upon him. The parties for whom he made locations in Greene Co., Wisconsin, are Jacob Jones, C. J. Simmons, E. T. Gardner (my father), and William Parr. P. O. address, Monroe. I give the names, that parties wishing to do so, can write and ascertain how the thing "pairs out" in those locations, none of which, however, have as yet been proven up, as I am informed.

Being sanguine of the genuineness of the different phases of Mr. West's mediumship, and perhaps a little over zealous in the matter, having received so much myself of a positive and convincing character,—making the doctrine of spirit communion to me a knowledge more than belief, I deem it but justice, to add to give the names of the parties to whose locations I have referred, as my experience in that line is simply no experience at all,—as I have never seen a location proved up,—and I wish to make no statements that I do not know to be true or have the best of reasons for believing. I do believe that Mr. West can and has made genuine mineral locations, but I don't know it except so far as above stated. Thus much have I said (and much might be said), in behalf of Mr. West as a medium.

At the suggestion of a few Spiritualists in Monroe, believing that it was but justice to Mr. West, and that our friends "out in the world" might know there was such a place as Monroe, Wisconsin, which if it be a suburban town and too far from Chicago to ever become a rival where such persons as Peter West, E. V. Wilson, and (Barack) Lord, Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, Mrs. Emma, Jane E. Jones, Miss Schoy, and others have in turn found a welcome *quod tempore*, and could longer had they chosen to tarry. But the liberal element is sadly deficient for a village numbering five thousand souls. However, the numerous churches are continually civilizing our people until ultimately we shall be enabled to look through a glass not quite so darkly. Chicago, Ill.

AN IRATE NATURALIST.

The late Dr. N. W. Taylor, the noted New Haven theologian, was an obstinate defender of the literal interpretation of the six days of creation in the Book of Genesis, as against the idea of six long periods of time which Professor Silliman advocated. One day Professor Silliman took Dr. Taylor into the geological cabinet, and confronted him with sundry trilobites in rocks of the lower strata, and said, "Now, Dr. Taylor, how did these once living animals get into this position, except as the rock gradually formed about them in one of those long periods?" "Nonsense, nonsense!" answered Dr. Taylor. "Do you think that God, when he made the rocks, couldn't have stirred in these things just as easy as a cook stirs raisins into a pudding or cake?" Professor Silliman was so disgusted, that he put on his hat, without reply, walked straight out of the building, and did not say a word to Dr. Taylor for three weeks.

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. JONES, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

D. D. HOME, THE SPIRIT MEDIUM.

There is perhaps no medium now living, or ever did live, that possesses such marvelous mediumistic qualities as D. D. Home. He seems to be adapted in every particular for those peculiar manifestations that are not only well calculated to convince the skeptic, but that the efforts of the scientist to explain on any other hypothesis than caused through the instrumentality of spirits. He is not only a wonderful trance and test medium, but spirits are enabled to carry him through the air, elongate his body, and in his presence make themselves visible to mortal eyes. It is really wonderful how spirits can so act upon the physical organization as to increase its length several inches, and throw around it those electric currents that can protect it from the effects of fire. Mr. Home can handle coils of fire, put a red hot iron on his tongue, thrust his hand or head into burning embers, and receive no injury therefrom. Truly he is a remarkable man, and one of the wonders of the present age, and in whose presence more remarkable manifestations have occurred than the world ever before knew. The manifestations at the "Round House" in Kansas, where there was not only talking in audible voices, but lectures, highly entertaining and instructive,—were given by spirits, using only the horn to assist in vocal utterance,—they were truly remarkable, but they do not equal those given through Home. Truly, he is a strange instrument.

At one circle held at the Ashley House, England, loud raps were heard, the table vibrated, tilted and was raised into the air; then a spirit form was seen by the Hon. — reclining on a sofa; voices were heard, words half articulated, but sufficiently distinct to be understood. By this time Mr. Home had passed into the trance state, so often witnessed; rising from his seat, he laid hold of an arm chair, which he held at arm's length, and was then lifted about four feet off the ground; traveling thru, suspended in space, he made a circuit round those in the room, being lowered and raised as he passed each of us. The levitation lasted from four to five minutes. On resuming his seat, Mr. Home addressed Captain — communicating news to him of which the departed alone could have been cognizant. This spirit form that had been reclining on the sofa now stepped up to Mr. H. and mesmerized him; a hand was then seen luminously visible over his head, about eighteen inches, in a vertical line above it. His state then assumed a different character, and a voice said, "He will go out of this window, and come in at that." The only one who heard the voice was the Hon. — and a cold shudder of fear seized him, as the window was about eighty feet from the ground! Mr. Home now opening the window, was pushed out horizontally into space, and appeared at the window of an adjoining room, eighteen or twenty-four inches open, through which he was advanced feet foremost. This was done twice. The circle being re-formed, Mr. Home addressed them on the wonderful power exhibited in spiritual manifestations. He then spoke of the principles of Trinity in Unity. At the close of his lecture, a cold current of air passed over those present, like the rushing of winds. This repeated itself several times. The cold blast of air, or electric fluid, or call it what you may, was accompanied by a loud whistle, like a gust of wind on the mountain top, or through the leaves of the forest in late autumn. The sound was deep, sonorous and powerful in the extreme, and a shudder kept passing over the party, who all head and fit it. This lasted about ten minutes, at broken intervals. As each gust passed, a dove was seen to move slowly over their heads! All were much surprised, and the interest became intensified by the unknown tongues in which Mr. Home now conversed. Passing from one language to another in rapid succession, he spoke for about ten minutes.

The New Life alluding to him says: "It was Alexander Dumas who introduced Home to Count Koucheloff. Dumas was paid largely to visit St. Petersburg, in company with the count, and then write one of his exciting, sensational novels—giving a picture of Russian life, that was to be published in a review which the Count contemplated establishing. Home was persuaded to accompany them—and soon the Count became greatly attached to him; he never seemed to weary of the society of this wonderful youth, who was apparently so familiar with the world of spirits as with the scenes of earth. Home had been but a few months in St. Petersburg when he married the Count's sister, a beautiful girl with the dowry of a princess. In about a year she gave birth to a child—and so distinguished was the position of this noble family, that no less a personage than the Imperial Czar was deemed worthy to stand a godfather to this infant.

Count Koucheloff was reckless in his waste of money. His income was estimated at \$400,000 gold per annum, yet he became so hopelessly embarrassed that he was compelled to reduce his expenses to only \$100 per day. At the death of his brother he was again on his feet, but this time with an increased sum at his disposal; \$500,000 being now the proper limit of his expenditure. The recent demise of this wealthy nobleman leaves an immense estate descending to Home's only child. How much more wonderful than the wildest tales of romance have been the experiences of this young man. A poor apprentice boy when his mediumship was first discovered, he soon had friends gathered around him, until at length he became a special favorite in certain circles of Boston society. Visiting Europe without, as he has been informed, the use of a single introductory letter, he became the associate of nobles, the husband of a princess. Domesticated for some time with the Emperor of France, he won the good will of the Empress, despite her religious bigotry, and he now stands, in his varied experiences and the phenomena which surround him, the marvel of the age."

When you emerge therefrom, the umbilical cord of sin has been severed; your heart which was as black as the ace of spades, is now as white as snow, and you will appear altogether lovely. You may have seduced some fair and confiding girl; you may have stolen, murdered, lived licentiously, and been one of the worst of characters in all respects, but now, *gesto changel* you are as pure as an angel, and fully prepared to walk that straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

This second birth, then, is an important one. We really believe that one of these doctors of souls could take the most depraved and hardened villain in the world, and through the instrumentality of prayer, aided by cold water and the "Blood of the Lamb," make him an angel of light. Doctors of physical ills obtain their diplomas from schools of medicine; but doctors of the soul have their authority to act direct from God himself. They obtain all their prescriptions from the Bible.

There is no disease of the soul that these reverend doctors cannot cure. They are omnipotent, as it were, when contending with those awful diseases which are gnawing on the vitals of humanity, and destroying the fine prospects of the world. The ideas entertained by the various orthodox churches, are really no more consistent than those entertained by the Hindoos or Chinese, and really we think the views of the latter entitled to the most credit. How absurd the idea of a "change of heart," "vicarious atonement," "eternal damnation," and "personal God." Such extremely absurd notions should only be held up to ridicule.

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THE SPIRITS AT HOME. A New York Press Scissors. Spiritualism is gradually making encroachments on all conditions and phases of society, and wherever it finds lodgment, it never relaxes its hold. The fact that the reporters of the New York press could be induced to attend a spiritual seance and make a favorable report thereof, speaks volumes in favor of the rapid growth and advancement of our cause. The admission that there could be no "chicanery or collusion," shows that the manifestations were genuine, and the favorable reports given by those present, were eminently well calculated to excite the attention of the thinking public.

Before two more years shall have passed away, ministers of the gospel will, like the reporters, attend different seances together, for the purpose of witnessing the phenomena, and they will be compelled to repeat also, that they could detect no chicanery or collusion.

The following is from the New York Herald: Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane invited representatives of the leading city journals to her rooms in Thirty-second street last evening, for the purpose of witnessing and testing certain spiritual phenomena. In compliance with this invitation, three gentlemen of the press attended last evening and met a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who sat around a plain table, going through the usual formula needed for communication with the Spirit World, and with results that were satisfactory to all the requirements demanded by any reasonably skeptical mind.

Mrs. Margaretta Fox is one of the Fox sisters known in connection with the "Rochester Rappings." It will be remembered that it was then claimed that the Rochester children from their infancy had a faculty for being followed by noises that resembled raps, and which were after ward developed by slow degrees into a system of communication by written communion with departed friends might be obtained.

Last evening it was fully proved that there could be about the phenomena developed last night no chicanery or collusion. The three gentlemen of the press were informed of certain events in connection with relatives, which it was not only possible for the persons present other than the questioner to have known anything about, but of facts that even the questioner himself was unconscious of until they were brought to his mind by the spiritual communication.

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When you emerge therefrom, the umbilical cord of sin has been severed; your heart which was as black as the ace of spades, is now as white as snow, and you will appear altogether lovely. You may have seduced some fair and confiding girl; you may have stolen, murdered, lived licentiously, and been one of the worst of characters in all respects, but now, *gesto changel* you are as pure as an angel, and fully prepared to walk that straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

This second birth, then, is an important one. We really believe that one of these doctors of souls could take the most depraved and hardened villain in the world, and through the instrumentality of prayer, aided by cold water and the "Blood of the Lamb," make him an angel of light. Doctors of physical ills obtain their diplomas from schools of medicine; but doctors of the soul have their authority to act direct from God himself. They obtain all their prescriptions from the Bible.

There is no disease of the soul that these reverend doctors cannot cure. They are omnipotent, as it were, when contending with those awful diseases which are gnawing on the vitals of humanity, and destroying the fine prospects of the world. The ideas entertained by the various orthodox churches, are really no more consistent than those entertained by the Hindoos or Chinese, and really we think the views of the latter entitled to the most credit. How absurd the idea of a "change of heart," "vicarious atonement," "eternal damnation," and "personal God." Such extremely absurd notions should only be held up to ridicule.

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THE SPIRITS AT HOME. A New York Press Scissors. Spiritualism is gradually making encroachments on all conditions and phases of society, and wherever it finds lodgment, it never relaxes its hold. The fact that the reporters of the New York press could be induced to attend a spiritual seance and make a favorable report thereof, speaks volumes in favor of the rapid growth and advancement of our cause. The admission that there could be no "chicanery or collusion," shows that the manifestations were genuine, and the favorable reports given by those present, were eminently well calculated to excite the attention of the thinking public.

Before two more years shall have passed away, ministers of the gospel will, like the reporters, attend different seances together, for the purpose of witnessing the phenomena, and they will be compelled to repeat also, that they could detect no chicanery or collusion.

The following is from the New York Herald: Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane invited representatives of the leading city journals to her rooms in Thirty-second street last evening, for the purpose of witnessing and testing certain spiritual phenomena. In compliance with this invitation, three gentlemen of the press attended last evening and met a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who sat around a plain table, going through the usual formula needed for communication with the Spirit World, and with results that were satisfactory to all the requirements demanded by any reasonably skeptical mind.

Mrs. Margaretta Fox is one of the Fox sisters known in connection with the "Rochester Rappings." It will be remembered that it was then claimed that the Rochester children from their infancy had a faculty for being followed by noises that resembled raps, and which were after ward developed by slow degrees into a system of communication by written communion with departed friends might be obtained.

Last evening it was fully proved that there could be about the phenomena developed last night no chicanery or collusion. The three gentlemen of the press were informed of certain events in connection with relatives, which it was not only possible for the persons present other than the questioner to have known anything about, but of facts that even the questioner himself was unconscious of until they were brought to his mind by the spiritual communication.

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HEAVEN. Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think, When they look with a trembling dread At the misty future that stretches on, From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lonely isle on a boundless main, No brilliant but distant shore, Where the lovely ones who are called away Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is nearer us; the mighty veil Of mortality blinds the eye, That we cannot see the angel-hands, On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour, Will open next in bliss; The welcome will sound in the heavenly world Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends To the arms of the loved and lost; And those smiling faces will greet us there Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought, To thrilling soul is given That power to pierce thro' the mist of sense, To the beatific scenes of heaven.

Philadelphia Department.

H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Weather.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia during the months of May and June, we have had what seemed to be a superabundance of rain, while we hear that there has been almost a panic among the farmers of England and France, and perhaps other European countries, and on this continent there are sections where there has not been the proper quantity of rain to bring forward vegetation to its fullest extent.

A friend remarked to us that it was "not half so marvelous an idea, that man should regulate the meteorological conditions of the atmosphere, so as to prevent or produce rain as it may seem desirable, as it would have been thirty years ago, to assert that man should lay a cable through the ocean, and speak from continent to continent."

In the progress of discovery in various fields of nature, it seems to us that meteorology has not had its full share of attention from scientific observers. We know from actual observation and experiments, though this may not have been the primary object, that we can produce rain. After every great fire, and also after every severe battle, in which there was necessarily a great disturbance of the electrical and magnetic conditions of the atmosphere; we had rain sometimes extending over large sections of the country, and continuing for a long period.

The distinction between the civilized and savage races is marked on the external plane by these discoveries and inventions which operate directly and indirectly upon all conditions of life, and are the means of elevating the race.

As all the forces in nature are spiritual, so when our own forces which are spiritual also, are better understood, we shall be able to appreciate these better, and to control them, and bring them into our service.

It is a pleasant thought for the future of this world, that as man realizes more, and more fully the idea presented by an ancient writer, that he was designed to have "dominion over" all things, that life will become far more important, and by an extension of our powers in all directions, there will be a vast increase of happiness here on earth.

This earth may be made so beautiful that we will not feel as now, that it is necessary to migrate from it, in order to obtain a heaven adapted, even to our present wants.

Man's spiritual power directed in proper channels, will make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and the earth shall become a beautiful garden, in which mankind shall enjoy a degree of happiness, far beyond any thing which you now conceive of. Let us, therefore, halt every grand discovery as leading in this direction, and work on for the good time coming.

If the energies which mankind have devoted for strife and contention, and ambitious desires for preferment, were all turned towards the development of valuable knowledge, we should much sooner realize those things which now seem to most persons as dreams; but there are no dreams to the truly spiritual mind, all are realities, and marching up the pathway of progress on the solid and substantial basis of fixed and unalterable facts. The race shall move on, and each revolving year find it wielding powers that had hitherto been unknown to man. Let us then work on for the good time coming, and we shall realize that it will cast the halo of its life over the present.

Initials.

Every one must admire the boldness which was manifested by Charles Carroll, when he signed the Declaration of Independence, and some one remarked that, as there were others of the same name, he might escape, if the rat were hung as traitors—without lifting his hand from the paper he wrote, "of Carrollton."

In this day, and especially among Spiritualists who recognize the right of woman to do any thing, or fill any position God hath given her a capacity to,—this must be the measure for all things as well as beings.

The time was in the history of the race, when but very few of the men had names, and one name was sufficient to distinguish them from the common people,—the masses had no names. In some countries to-day, among the aristocratic classes of Europe, persons have quite a long list of names, although they seldom use more than two or three.

Our object, however, is to call attention to the importance of using such names as will clearly indicate the party designated. It is not uncommon for men and women to use only the initial letter or letters of their names, and in such cases, we are unable to distinguish the sex of the individual.

Some persons have received names which they dislike. We knew a man who studied medicine, in order to obtain the ordinary prefix of doctor, because he disliked the name his parents had given him,—namely, Abednego.

Every individual should be willing to assume the responsibility for all their acts. One of the greatest curses of city society,—is the floating population, often under assumed names, and entirely without the social and moral restraints and responsibilities which belongs to those who are known in the community. Men and women, in order to obtain self-respect and the respect of others, must always act in a manner that is free and open, and does not require concealment.

We can not respect the writers of anonymous letters, and we always feel more interest in reading articles from writers whom we know. In the reports which are sent to the JOURNAL of the Spiritualists of various sections,—it is much more interesting to have the names in full, so that we may recognize the sex of the persons. In the reports from the various societies over the country, the same is the case, and as Spiritualists have uniformly declared in favor of the equality of the sexes and the right of woman to

all positions,—in these it is more important. In order to bear out testimony to this truth, we should always give the names in full, so that every one who reads may know just how this matter stands. Often through carelessness this has not been done, and we suggest these ideas as reminders to all who make up reports, and who write for the papers.

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Contains no Lead Sulphur, no Sugar of Lead, no Litharge, No Nitrate of Silver, and is entirely free from the Poisons and Health-Destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and Clear as Crystal,

It will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT,—desiderata long sought for, and Found at Last!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling out, and restores to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and uncleanly skin.

AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Prepared only by PROCTER BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass.

The genuine is put up in a patent bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

Nature's Hair Restorative,

And take no other.

Wholesale by B. BURNHAM & SON, Wholesale Druggists, 1 & 3 Randolph St., Chicago, and by J. O. BUNDY, 187 and 179 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

vsb19 201.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.

The next term of the Belvidere Seminary will commence Wednesday, Sept. 14th and continue ten months. The location is healthy and beautiful. Terms moderate. For catalogue address,

Misses Bank, Belvidere, N. J.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium.

118, Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "in rapport" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases, through the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and is an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be, remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.

Terms—First prescription, \$2.00; each subsequent, \$1.00. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

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All curable cases of CONSUMPTION.

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Chemical Baths Given.

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BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

AUTHOR OF ALICE VALE—SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN, ETC.

All who take an interest in the subject treated of in this well written story, should buy the book at once, read it and lend it to their neighbors if they cannot get them to buy a copy. Although it is written in the form of a novel it is replete with sound philosophy, and is by far the ablest work on the subject yet before the public. It has been favorably received by the press of the country and is cordially endorsed by many of the most gifted men and women in the progressive ranks.

"As I gazed, and as I listened, there came a pale blue-floored maiden, Eyes lighted with bright light; Her body bent with sickness, Her lone heart heavy laden; Her home had been the roofless street, Her day had been the night; First wept the angel sadly—then smiled the angel gladly, And caught the maiden madly rushing through the open door; And I heard a chorus swelling, Grand beyond a mortal's telling, Enter, sister, thou art pure, thou art sinless evermore."

Price \$1.50. Postage, 20c. For sale at the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 187 & 189, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Book Store, 159 Washington St., Boston, and the American News Co., 119 Nassau St., New York. Vol. 8, N. S. 55.

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BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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Having learned a fact yesterday, and another fact to-day, on to-morrow he may contain the same two facts, and thus elicit a third, by which the same process, mentally, as the chemist, by a union of two kinds of substances, produces a new, and third kind.

Man has still another faculty which we have all agreed to call reason, by which he further adds to his knowledge through a process called analogy. Having obtained a limited knowledge of something which he sees or feels or hears, he thence reasons by analogy, either retrospectively or prospectively and thereby gains further knowledge; e. g., if, on traveling through a forest the first time he sees a great many trees standing upright and a few lying down, his reason intuitively suggests that those trees lying down formerly stood upright, and those standing up would eventually fall to the ground. Still extending his chain of thought he would learn that some of those trees lying down looked fresh and life-like, much like those yet standing, while others again, were very much decayed. His conclusions in such a case would inevitably be, that some of those trees had long since fallen, while others had fallen but recently.

Now, this reasoning by analogy, as a means of obtaining knowledge, is a tremendous value which we come to study the heavenly bodies, including our earth. The life of man, and indeed the race of man is so short, when compared with the age of stars and moons and planets, that comparing our knowledge of the known in regard to either, if man's knowledge were limited to the experience of his race. Hence we find that man is capable of learning what was and what will be, from what exists. But notwithstanding this crowning attribute, all cosmologists must in the beginning, start without whereon to rest so much as the sole of their feet, and make the best of such foundation. We claim no more, but we do claim that the book is elegantly printed and superbly bound. Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents. For sale at the Religio-Philosophical Journal Office.

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CHICAGO JULY 23, 1870

THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Remarkable Visitation of a Spirit to his Wife. FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" is not unfrequently asked by the bigoted adherents to old theological and mythological dogmas of the present and past ages...

Thanks to the superior intelligence of the people of the nineteenth century, these dogmas have been obliged to give way before the ever-onward march of science, free thought, and the good common sense of the people...

When Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, saw that the science of geology was fast undermining the mythological fables of the dark ages, he came boldly to the rescue, and published a voluminous work, in which he attempted to make geology square with the Bible...

Christ spoke of these latter days, in which signs should be given, and wonderful things revealed to all nations, tongues, and people...

The first of these stepping-stones, tending to prepare the way of the Lord in the minds of the people, was mesmerism, and psychology followed closely in its train...

There is still another class of self-deluded mortals, scarcely less to be pitied, who profess to be Free Thinkers, apparently eager to investigate the Spiritual phenomena...

There are many prophecies and sayings in the Bible, which are not only truthful, but which have a peculiar significance and application to these latter days...

"to become wise unto salvation,"—but we are surrounded by legions of angels,—servants of the Lord, whose special mission it is to perform this work, and through whose instrumentality many poor suffering mortals are compelled to come in, and who afterwards thank God most fervently for the feast they have enjoyed...

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

The avenues to human hearts are many and various, and angels visit them,—take up their abode there, and manifest their power where least expected. The widow and fatherless are thus visited and comforted by ministering spirits.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the year 1845, in the pleasant village of Eden, in the State of Wisconsin, Della Colton and Willie Newton, aged respectively, seven and ten years, were often seen walking hand in hand to and from the district school...

So entirely devoted to each other were these bright and beautiful children, so fervent and untiring were they in their attachment and efforts to contribute to each others' happiness...

"They were always found in each other's company when consistent. Thus years sped on, their attachment growing stronger with each succeeding month and year, until, when they were sufficiently advanced, the parents of each, sent them into an adjoining county, to an academy of some note, to complete their education...

Della Colton had now become a beautiful and accomplished young lady of eighteen summers. William Newton had attained his majority, was a young man of commanding appearance, possessing remarkable intelligence for one of his age and experience in life...

Soon after their return from school, a clergyman was called to pronounce a marriage ceremony,—to proclaim them one whom God had made one from their inception; and a happier, and more harmoniously-organized couple, it is seldom, if ever, the privilege of mortals to behold...

At this time (1862), there was an urgent call for volunteers to suppress the rebellion. The whole country was aroused to the importance of sustaining the government. William's patriotism knew no bounds, and without stopping to count the fearful cost of a separation from his family, he enlisted in the 15th Wisconsin Regiment...

Some six months later, the company to which he belonged were marching to Dubuque, Iowa, where a few of the soldiers were to be discharged on a thirty days furlough. William despatched the glad tidings to his wife, naming the day that he would be home, but unfortunately while on the march, he had an attack of pleurisy from which the army surgeon thought he would soon recover, and accordingly he was left at a humble cot by the roadside...

No language could fitly portray the scenes following. Suffice it to say the shock was so severe as to render her insensible for nearly forty-eight hours, during which time her friends almost despaired of her recovery; and ever since that time, she has mourned as few ever mourned the loss of a dear friend, and like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not.

Della could not be comforted. Nothing short of a promise direct from her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in whom she believed, made to her personally, that her husband should be restored to her again, could have brought any relief to her stricken heart.

Della's eldest sister, Evangeline, is more thor-

oughly individualized than any of the rest of the Colton family. She is noble looking, of full womanly development, graceful and symmetrical in form and feature, giving evidence of much power and endurance; possessing any amount of good common sense, which is particularly manifest in her having given full scope to the inflation of her lungs and expansion of her waist, permitting a natural and healthy growth of her person, as nature designed. She is noble, generous, and kind-hearted, having a mind to appreciate the good and the true, yet possessing much more of that dash and love of adventure than Della,—that peculiar characteristic which a Down Easter would call "pluck."

On her arrival home, she related her experiences with the Davenport to her heart-stricken sister, who could but hope it were true that spirits could return from "that bourne from which (as she had been taught from early childhood) no traveller e'er returns."

She sincerely hoped her sister, whose word was law upon every other subject, had not been deceived in this; for this, more than any other subject interested her. Could she have but the slightest evidence that William was near her, she could cheerfully bear all the burdens of this life, and wait patiently and hopefully for the time when she should embrace him in the next; but, alas! she realized this doctrine was too good to be true.

Evangeline's zeal in her sister's behalf knew no bounds, and she was determined that she should know the truth. E. V. Wilson being under engagement to deliver four lectures in an adjoining county in the month of December, she determined to improve the opportunity; and accordingly, when the time arrived, she took Della in a carriage, and drove out, to attend the lectures, in hopes of getting some test that would open Della's eyes and increase her faith in this to her, very mysterious and uncertain subject. The lectures were a success as usual, and tests given of the most marvelous character, and, although she got nothing in the way of a test that was personal to herself, yet she got many new ideas respecting the philosophy of spirit intercourse, which rendered it far more probable to her that it might be true...

Thus matters stood until the 15th of June, when the time having arrived for Evangeline to return to San Francisco, she bade adieu to her friends and started for Chicago, determined to spend a day or two here in efforts to get some tidings from Della's husband. She called at our office to make inquiry about mediums, and was not long in becoming satisfied that the much-desired end could be attained; and she very wisely concluded that she could not do a greater missionary work, than to remain here a week longer than she had intended to do, and send a telegraphic dispatch to Della to come immediately to Chicago.

It is needless to say the summons was promptly responded to, and within twenty-four hours Della arrived, and mediums were visited with good results; but the nearer she seemed to arrive at the full fruition of her heart's desire, serious doubts would interpose, rendering her very unhappy; and we suggested that before they proceeded farther, they visit Mrs. Orin Abbott, a developing medium, knowing that should Della be at all susceptible to spirit influence, she might get the most satisfactory tests through her own person. Mrs. A. possesses extraordinary powers as a developing medium,—it is a rare thing indeed to sit under her influence, without being developed in some one or more phases of mediumship, in from one to three sittings. Mrs. Abbott was accordingly visited, and Della took her seat with mingled emotions of hope, fear and despair, which gradually gave way however, and a quiet passive state of mind immediately ensued under the magnetic influence of the medium. It was soon discovered that success would crown her efforts, for within half an hour she experienced some very strange sensations stealing over her vocal organs, and soon she became powerless to utter a word, yet, as she afterward said, she retained her consciousness perfectly. A second treatment was given on the following day, when "Willie" got control of her vocal organs almost entirely; so much so indeed, that notwithstanding she remained entirely conscious, and knew all that was transpiring around her, and sensibly felt the presence of her husband, she could not manifest the least emotion on her own account, nor speak her husband's name,—but on the contra-

ry, she was made to cary herself, and speak her own name, coupled with such endearing words as, "My own dear Della," &c., &c. Having been informed of the success of Mrs. Abbott, we called on Della and Evangeline in the evening, to congratulate them upon their success; and while conversing upon what had transpired in the afternoon, we discovered that Della's head drooped, that she commenced manipulating her throat, and seemed to be strangling, or suffocating, groaned, and seemed to be in distress, so much so, that Evangeline became alarmed. We bade her be passive and quiet awhile, and before the expiration of five minutes, the spirit of her husband had gained full control of his dearly beloved Della, greeting her in a manner that beggars all description. Such tender caresses as he gave her with her own hands, and such endearing words as he showered upon her, none but William Newton could have uttered.

Immediately succeeding this was an invocation to the Great Giver of all good, for the inestimable privilege he then enjoyed. It seemed to him that so great a blessing could have been vouchsafed from none other than the source he was then addressing. He seemed entirely overcome with thankful emotions, that the door had been thrown open which never again could be closed,—that he had now gained an advantage through the mercy of an all-wise Providence, and that a re-union had thus been effected which must endure throughout the endless ages of eternity. He had entered the inner courts of heaven where he might dwell, and go and come at will. Such gratitude to God as was expressed through those lips, we never heard equalled, and never expect to again on this side of time.

Next came Evangeline's turn to receive a blessing, and expressions of the deepest gratitude for her aid in bringing about such a glorious result. Truly she realized then as never before, how much more blessed it is to give than to receive; and yet this was not all, for Evangeline had a most satisfactory and reliable communication from her husband. The control lasted more than an hour, and was the most affecting scene we have ever witnessed. The great singularity of the manifestation was, that Della was perfectly conscious the whole time, drank in every word not only, but experienced the thrill of joy which pervaded her husband. He needed no outward expression from her, for he knew her every thought and feeling, and such as no language known to the denizens of earth could fitly express. She made the most strenuous efforts to speak his name, and answer him, but was powerless to utter a word, or to control the movements of her hands, which would constantly pat her cheeks, and smooth her hair. He spoke of their dear boy (now eight years old), and gave directions and advice as to his management, and future training,—and finally, of that terrible ordeal which both had to pass through when his mortal remains were brought to her door,—that he had preceded the body, and did all in his power to prepare her for that terrible trial. He had kind words for all the friends and relatives at Eden,—deeply deplored their state of mental darkness, and bondage to a false philosophy, and a false religion combined,—gave instructions how to approach them, and lead them into green pastures and beside the still waters of life, that are real and easily accessible, that they might rest, and find peace in the knowledge of a truth that would make them free indeed; he also spoke in glowing terms of the beautiful home he was preparing for his dear wife, and begged her to have less care about his burial place, for he was not there.

We have had a very extended intercourse with the denizens of the spirit world,—have enjoyed extraordinary advantages of spirit communion, but never witnessed anything that would all compare with this hour's experience.—Not that the manifestation, in and of itself was of such an extraordinary character, but all the circumstances taken together, and being in sympathy with the suffering of the persons directly interested, rendered it a scene of peculiar interest, and one which can never be effaced from memory's tablet.

While sitting as a silent spectator of such a scene, which came so unexpectedly, we were never so filled with gratitude to God for the great blessing of Spiritualism as upon this occasion,—never had such a realizing sense of the importance of his mission and office to both mortals and immortals,—that God is love,—that love is heaven,—and that the souls of mankind encompass all; and when asked what good has Spiritualism done, we can point to this one instance as of more value, and outweighing all the good that the Christian world (so called) has ever been able to accomplish through their many and varied systems of belief and teachings. By it the immortality of the soul is proven,—all necessity of faith is removed,—by it we know the Lord liveth, and that through just such instrumentalities as these, "All shall know Him from the least unto the greatest." We see the time rapidly approaching when manifestations of spirit presence will have become universally prevalent, when spirits shall walk the earth, and hold sweet communion with their friends, as familiarly as did Jesus with his disciples, while his body yet lay in the tomb. The law governing such resurrections are the same to-day as then, and shall be forever more;—and just such reactions and ascensions will ere long be of common occurrence. Jacob's ladder will have been let down to earth, on which angels (ministering spirits,) may descend and ascend at will, and then shall those to whom death is the king of terrors, proclaim their victory over it, and with all the calmness and serenity, and triumph of one having passed the much-dreaded ordeal, say,—"O! Death, where is thy sting? O! Grave, where is thy victory?"

Up to the time William Newton enlisted in the service of his country, neither he nor Della had known sorrow or suffering. Both having been born of well-to-do parents, they had no lack of the necessaries of life,—their physical wants were all supplied; hence their affection-

al natures were left to a free and full development; not even a thought of jealousy could enter their hearts to mar their happiness; they lived in their affections, which in either case were well bestowed and fully appreciated. Thus their lives had been of such uninterrupted bliss as seldom falls to the lot of mortals to experience; and as a natural consequence, their separation, which was supposed to be but temporary, caused a deep and heartfelt sorrow which never could find adequate expression in words,—and this was but preparatory to the terrible ordeal which both were soon called to pass through. He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, had in mercy given them all, but no more than they could bear. The great and important lesson of experiences and suffering must needs come, either in this or the spirit world; and in this case each had an equal share,—one in this life, and the other in that bourne from which he returned to tell the tale of his anguish.

Why all this terrible suffering? What had these innocent, loving souls done that they should be called to pass through this fiery ordeal? The whole civilized world would say, nothing. Everybody loved them,—they could not help it,—they were lovable; God and the angels loved them, and hence they were chastened for "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And why? What lessons are to be derived from these afflictions,—what their necessity and uses? First, we are to consider that we are in our preliminary or infantile state of existence. Here we learn the "A, B, C of life," preparatory to our entrance upon a higher and more exalted state. We are made up of a great variety of elements, and the first lesson we learn is that of selfishness—self love. All are seeking their own happiness and not that of their neighbor;—would that we could say, not at the expense of their neighbor.

Selfishness is the great sin of humanity;—charity, the great virtue, that which Jesus taught both by word and deed, and which is never practiced even in the slightest degree, except by the few who have progressed to a point where they can realize that,

"It is not all of life to live, Nor all of death to die."

We live under the dispensation of Moses, and suffering alone will bring us to Christ,—to love and sympathize with all humanity, as he did,—to suffer as he did, and perchance, to die as he did.

All must pass through the furnace of affliction sooner or later,—if not in this world, then in the world to come,—that thus we may be brought to a realization of the real object of life here and hereafter;—that we may become pure in spirit, and fitted to enjoy far more than at present we have any conception of.

Gethsemane is the last station on this tedious and perilous journey of earth life, and those blessed are they who continue to the end, and can say with Paul:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day."

The steps of Calvary must be ascended, each for himself or herself, as we travel along this great highway of progress. Some travel very slowly, others very fast. Those move the most rapidly, and are the more highly blessed, who encounter the greatest number of obstructions, of severe trials and experiences. The Lazaruses, who eke out a miserable existence here, begging for bread and for sympathy, too, as well as those who occupy the middle walks of life, whose pride causes them to suffer so much, and who are borne down with anguish from various causes,—these are they whom the Lord of Life is especially merciful unto; it is such as these that are rising and taking hold on heaven, seeking mansions not made with hands; and all unconsciously, too, perhaps.

Did we know the full value of earth life experiences and trials, we should bear them with far greater fortitude, yea, with cheerfulness, knowing that "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Della and Willie are traveling the same road together now; the sorrow and suffering of each is identical. He experienced all the suffering that she felt when his lifeless body was brought to her door. He has suffered as much since, because he could not make himself tangible to her, as she has because she could not realize his presence, and knew not whether he had gone. Such is life in the body, and such is life in spirit,—they are inseparable. A reunion has been effected, and thus they will live together, and suffer together, until fitted for that more perfect union when she, too, shall have passed over the river, to join him on the other side, when both will unite in their expressions of gratitude to an all-wise providence for every sad lesson and trial of life which has borne them to their final home—their celestial Eden in the land of the blessed.

We subjoin the following poem by Phoebe Cary as expressive of what we believe all will heartily endorse at some time in their progress. The poem is copied from a most excellent work by A. B. Child entitled, "Christ and the People."

I said if I might go back again To the very hour and place of my birth; Might have my life as I would choose, And live it in any part of the earth; Put perfect sunshine into my sky, Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt, Have all my happiness multiplied, And all my suffering stricken out; If I could have known in the years now gone The best that a woman comes to know; Could have had whatever will make her blest, Or whatever she thinks will make her so; Have gained the highest and purest bliss That the bright ring and wreath enclose; And chosen the one out of the world That I might, or could, or would have chose; And if this had been, and I stood to-night By my children's beds, and they were in bed; And could count in my prayers, for a rosary, The shining row of their golden heads; Yes! I said, if a miracle such as this Could be wrought for me at my bidding,—still I would choose to have my past as it is, And to let my future come as it will; I would not make the path I have trod More pleasant or even more straight or wide, Nor change my course the breadth of a hair This way or that, to either side; My past is mine, and I take it all, Its weakness,—its joy, its pain, its pleasure; Nay, even my sins, if you come to that, May have been my helps, not hindrances; If I saved my body from the flames Because that once I had burned my hand, Or kept myself from a greater sin, By doing a less,—you will understand; It was better I suffered a little pain, Better I sinned for a little time, If the smearing warned me back from death, And the sting of sin withheld from crime; Who knows its strength, by trial, what know What strength must be set against a sin; And how temptation is overcome He has learned who has felt its power within; And who knows how a life at the last may show? Why, look at the moon from where we stand! Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines A luminous sphere, complete and grand; So let my past stand just as it stands, And let me now, as I may, grow old; I am what I am, and my life for me Is the best,—or it had not been, I hold.

PRICE-LIST OF BOOKS.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Artificial Somnambulism', 'The Cause of Exhausted Vitality', and 'Strange Visitors'.

Table listing books for sale, including titles like 'The Cause of Exhausted Vitality', 'Strange Visitors', and 'The Trade Supplied'.

DR. E. P. MILLER'S WORKS.

The Cause of Exhausted Vitality, or Abuses of the Sexual Function. Cloth \$1.00, Postage, 12cts.

Every Young Man and every Young Woman, every Married Man and every Married Woman, should read it.

Vital Force, How wasted and How Preserved. Cloth \$1.00, Postage 12cts; Paper Cover, 50cts, Postage, 4cts.

How to Bathe, a Family Guide for the Use of Water in Preserving Health and Treating Disease.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Address S. S. Jones, 187 & 189, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

A WONDERFUL NEW BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED.

STRANGE VISITORS! A REMARKABLE volume, containing thirty-six original contributions by the spirits of such famous authors as Irving, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, Byron, Hawthorne, etc.

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Henry J. Raymond, To the New York Public Literature in Spirit-Life.

Margaret Fuller, To her Accusers.

Robert B. Lyman, His Post Mortem Experience.

W. M. Thackeray, The two natural Religions.

Archbishop Hughes, Invisible Influences.

The Lost Soul, Agnes Rees, A Tale.

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Jean Paul Richter, In and out of Purgatory.

Charlotte Bronte, Distinguished Woman.

Elizabeth B. Browning, Locality of the Spirit-World.

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Edgar Allan Poe, Off Hand Sketches.

Margaret Fuller, Conversations on Art.

Frederika Bremer, Flight to My Starry Home.

RAIL-ROADS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, including routes like Chicago and Rock Island, and Milwaukee and Wisconsin.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Rail-Road.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Rail-Road, including routes like Detroit and Grand Rapids.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake Street.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Michigan Central Railroad, including routes like Detroit and Grand Rapids.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, including routes like St. Louis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake Street.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Illinois Central, including routes like St. Louis and St. Paul.

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal streets.

Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Chicago and St. Louis, including routes like St. Louis and St. Paul.

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Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, including routes like St. Louis and St. Paul.

Chicago, Danville and Vincennes Railroad.

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Table listing arrival and departure of trains for Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, including routes like St. Louis and St. Paul.

ORTON'S PREPARATION.

PATENTED JUNE 14, 1869. The Appetite for Tobacco Destroyed.

LEAVE OFF CHEWING AND SMOKING THE POISONOUS WEED TOBACCO.

One of the greatest discoveries of the age! No humbug!

A Cure warranted if used according to directions, or the money refunded.

Read the Evidence.

CERTIFICATES. The following are a few selected from the multitude of certificates in our possession.

From John A. Kennedy. Portland, Me., Feb. 22, 1870. I hereby certify that I have used Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco, and find it a sure remedy.

Lamotte, Ill., Feb. 17, 1868. This is to certify that I have been in the habit of using tobacco for twenty years to my injury.

From N. B. Fleming, Harrington, Delaware. Harrington, Kent Co., Del., Dec. 7, 1869. I hereby certify that I have been an inveterate user of tobacco for upwards of 30 years.

From Andrew Brown, Esq., Sacramento, Cal. Sacramento, Cal., July 15, 1869. After using Orton's Preparation twelve days I thought I would try it on tobacco.

From Rev. James S. Finley Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. Lawrenceburg, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1870. This is to certify that I had used tobacco for 28 years.

From J. W. Wilber, Cloverdale, California. Cloverdale, Cal., Sept. 23, 1869. Know all men, and everyone, that I am 55 years old, and that I have used tobacco ever since I was sixteen years of age.

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NEW BOOKS.

Artificial Somnambulism.

The author of the above named book, is a philosopher of large experience and great merit.

Dr. FAHNESTOCK is a thorough believer in spirit communication, and teaches in this work the modus operandi, to a demonstration.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable work.

CHAP. I.—Historical Survey. Manner of the discovery of the state—Its theory of it—its examination by the French commissioners—Their conclusions—The author's remarks.

CHAP. II.—Of the causes which have retarded the progress of the science.

CHAP. III.—Of the conditions necessary for the production of the somnambulic state, with instructions how to enter it, etc.

CHAP. IV.—Theory of this state.

CHAP. V.—Of the somnambulic proper sleep. I.—Of a partial state of Artificial Somnambulism.

CHAP. VI.—Phreno-Somnambulism.

CHAP. VII.—Of the senses: I.—Motion; or, the power to move.

CHAP. VIII.—Of the functions of the faculties. I.—Consciousness. II.—Attention. III.—Perception. IV.—Imagination. V.—Judgment. VI.—Memory. VII.—Lies and Deceit. VIII.—Moral Agency or Electrifying.

CHAP. IX.—Of the peculiar functions of perception in the different faculties while in a natural state. I.—Of the peculiar functions of perception when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. II.—The functions considered when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—Consciousness. 2.—Attention. 3.—Perception. 4.—Memory. 5.—Lies and Deceit. 6.—Moral Agency. 7.—Imagination. 8.—Will.

CHAP. X.—Of reading or knowing the mind. I.—Illustration. II.—Theory of Dr. Collyer. Mental Agency or Electrifying.

CHAP. XI.—Of the identity of other mysteries with this state. I.—Of the mysteries practiced by the modern Spiritualists. II.—Of the mysteries practiced by the modern Spiritualists. III.—Of the mysteries practiced by the modern Spiritualists.

CHAP. XII.—Of the sense of smell and taste.

CHAP. XIII.—Of the sense of feeling.

CHAP. XIV.—Of the sense of motion. Of their physical strength.

CHAP. XV.—Of the influence of Artificial Somnambulism on the system. I.—Of its influence upon a healthy subject. II.—Of the influence of Artificial Somnambulism upon diseased subjects.

CHAP. XVI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism considered as a therapeutic agent.

CHAP. XVII.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state. I.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state. II.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state.

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FRONTIER DEPT

E. V. WILSON

A GREAT MAN.

Now and then we find a gem of poetry that feeds our soul...

That man is great, and he alone, Who serves a greatness not his own...

Strong is that man, he only strong, To whose well-ordered will belong...

And free is he, and only he, Who from his tyrant passions free...

If such a man there be, where'er Beneath the sun and moon he fare...

Who holds by everlasting law Which neither chance nor change can law...

Who hath not bowed his honest head To base occasion, nor in dread...

Nor feared to follow, in the offense Of false opinion, his own sense...

He looks his angel in the face Without a blush, nor needs disgrace...

Nor moseled out from day to day In feverish wishes, nor the prey...

For, though he lived aloof from ken, The world he witnesseth and sees...

The judge upon the justice-seat, The brow-baked haggard in the street...

In cloister cold; the prisoner lean In lightless den; the disgraced done...

Ho nothing human alien deems Unto himself, nor least deems...

Because they know him nature's friend, On whom doth delight to tend...

Therefore, though mortal-made, he can Work miracles. The uncommon man...

The orb of time is his by faith; And his, whilst breathing human breath...

If such a man there be, where'er Beneath the sun and moon he fare...

He owes no homage to the sun, There's nothing he needs or shuns...

Lord of a lofty life is he, Lothly living, though he be...

The merely great are all in all, No more than that the merely small...

Owen Meredith.

Bitten By a Bloodhound—A Mother's Mal-ediction—Shocking Death From Hydrophobia.

Has the dog a soul? or is he immortal? Will some minister of God ask Jehovah, and inform us?

Second, did Jehovah God hear the prayer of this Christian mother, and send the spirit of the bloodhound to haunt this young man to death, and thus answer the prayer of this Christian woman in widowhood?

Third, if God can thus be moved, and it seems that he can, by the prayer of an infuriated and madly insane woman, what are we, the "children of this world," to expect from these union prayer meetings and Y. M. C. A.?

A melancholy and in many respects singular death from hydrophobia occurred yesterday morning at Yonkers, Westchester County, where the horrifying circumstances are at present engendering an unusual share of attention.

The victim, Thomas Lamp, who was in his twenty-fourth year, was by trade an engineer, and employed at a foundry in the village named, through which he was well known as a trustworthy, industrious man.

owned by his employer, and although the wound inflicted by the fangs of the brute was not very severe, the animal was at once dispatched, and the affected part having rapidly healed, the occurrence was soon forgotten by the deceased.

It appears that the diabolical imprecations of the mother had a most depressing effect on the minds of the young people, and on the following day deceased evinced symptoms of the awful malady, the seeds of which had been sown in his system some months previously.

Voices from the People.

JOLIET, ILL.—Mrs. Millsbaugh writes.—You will do the cause of truth a favor by recommending through your most valuable paper our noble Brother KAYNER.

SYRACUSE, MO.—Barney Koatsop writes.—Some old fogey went so far as to say that Mrs. Ferris, the only medium who was ever through here to give seances, ought to be branded a knave.

HYDE PARK, ILL.—Wm. Noble writes.—I send you a short notice of the discovery, by the distinguished clairvoyant, Peter West, of a letter I had lost in the latter part of May last.

MONONVILLE, MO.—V. W. Mones writes.—Allow me the pleasure and privilege of transmitting a few facts relative to the progress of Spiritualism in the part known as the Southwest Mission.

DELTON, WIS.—S. Todd writes.—We have just closed a two day meeting of spiritualists and materialists in this place. We met in Brother H. M. Higbee's yard, where there is a beautiful shade made by forest trees.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS. Spiritual Mediums.

ADVENTURES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

This is the most thrilling work in the whole Spiritualist Literature, and will be the means of adding thousands to the ranks of Spiritualism.

DR. J. A. CLARK'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE.

Cor. Dearborn and Monroe Sts. Sheppard Block, Rooms 13 and 14, Chicago.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S A HEALING MEDIUM.

Mrs. Robinson prescribes, while under spirit-control, for all phases of disease.

MYSTIC WATER. FROM DAVID'S WELL.

This natural mineral water which now stands prominently at the head of all known medicinal waters for its general Tonic and Alterative qualities, was discovered at a depth of over one hundred feet, through inspiration, an ever operating law.

TO BEE-KEEPERS.

A NEW BOOK on the subject of Bee-Culture, called THE SECRETS OF BEE-KEEPING. It is got up in a very condensed and cheap form, to meet the wants of Bee-keepers in every department of Apicultural science.

RACHAIRE.

For fifty (50) cents and stamp I will send receipts for making the celebrated "Rachaire" for removing Grease, Pitch, Paint, Tar, etc., from clothing.

Health by Good Living.

This book is to show how good health can be maintained and common diseases cured by "good living," which means eating with a relish the best food, prepared in the best manner.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BEING LIFE EXPERIENCES, SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND CONDITIONS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF SPIRIT-LIFE AND THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS. Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well.

This is a valuable book, written at the earnest solicitation of hundreds of patients, who have had the good fortune to come under the treatment of the late Dr. King.

THE HEALER, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., TREATS ALL DISEASES.

The Healer, of Rochester, N. Y., treats all diseases with success. "Earl Gessner's" nose, but itself can be paralyzed. The Doctor is now operating in the West.

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE AGE! ENTITLED, "FRESH EGGS AND YELLOW BUTTER."

Being the practical results of Modern Chemistry by some of the most eminent French, American, German and English Chemists.

This invaluable work should be in the hands of every Grocer, Produce Dealer, Dairyman, Farmer, manufacturer, and others who may wish to engage in a profitable business.

UNPARALLELED As Sure and Reliable Egg Preservatives.

Also—How to prepare Kerosene Barrels by a new and cheap method, that renders them perfectly sweet, and suitable for the preservation of eggs, and for other purposes.

How to give white and streaked butter a uniform and natural color—

Also—How to prevent milk from souring. Also—Superior methods for curing Beef, Hams, and other meats.

How to make No. 1 Vinegar at 7 cents per gallon in 48 hours without acid—

Also—How to test and refine Kerosene Oil. Also—How to Manufacture Candles, Licks, Cements, Pastes, Varnishes, Hard and Soft Soap, Washing Compounds, Baking-Powders, &c., &c.

How to make new and Instantaneous Hair-Dye—

Also—How to color Cloth, all shades, with New Aniline fast colors, and dyeing in all its branches.

How to Plate Metals without a battery giving full instructions, so that every one can readily plate with Gold, Silver, Copper, Zinc, and Tin.

How to use Carbolic Acid for healing Wounds, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, and curing Boils, Bruises, Felons, Frost Bites, Inverted Toe-Nails, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Scrofula, &c., &c.

MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ONE VOLUME, LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES, ENGLISH MUSLIN, BEVELLED EDGES, SUPERBLY AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, ETC., ON STEEL, WOOD IN TINT, LITHOGRAPHY, ETC., ETC.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

This work has been prepared by the author Under the Direct Supervision and Guidance of the Spirits, who have inaugurated the movement.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS.

The Magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no evacuating.



THE HEALER, of Rochester, N. Y., treats all diseases with success. "Earl Gessner's" nose, but itself can be paralyzed. The Doctor is now operating in the West.

PREMIUMS Immense Premiums!

\$100.00, IN GOLD. \$200.00, IN GOLD. \$300.00, IN GOLD. \$400.00, IN GOLD. \$500.00, IN GOLD. \$700.00, IN GOLD. \$900.00, IN GOLD. \$1,000.00, IN GOLD.

THE CELEBRATED CASE OF HUSTON RUSSELL.

Terrific Attack of Tic-Douloureux, or Neuralgia, lasting nearly two years.

HE FINALLY TAKES THE POSITIVE POWDERS.

Brownville, Nebraska, Dec. 22, 1869. This is to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 24th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eye and head, and it was so severe that I thought I would rather die than live.

WILLIAM POLLOCK.

On the 29th day of September 1867, Huston Russell came to me with a pain in his left eye, which I treated for the Neuralgia, and treated him several times afterwards for the same, but the complaint returned each time after treatment.

JEROME HOOVER.

On the fifth of September, 1868, Huston Russell came to me with a furious Tic-Douloureux, Neuralgia, had him under treatment until last April, 1869, at which time he was dismissed improved.

JAMES H. HOOKER.

I hereby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russell, and that I know him to have been sick, and I also certify that I am acquainted with Drs. Wm. Arnold and Jerome Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians.

JAMES H. HOOKER, County Clerk.

WILLIAM POLLOCK, Postmaster at Brownville, Nebraska.

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